

THE JOY
OF FISHING

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

AUGUST 17, 1981

\$1.00

Does nothing work anymore?

Canada's economic machinery out of control



Lazy Afternoon.

**Maclean's**

COVER STORY

Does nothing work?

As Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau pulled in a luxury Kenmore game park last weekend, interest rates hit their highest level ever, the dollar hit its lowest point in 50 years, more Canadians were laid off to strikes and there was still no oil pricing agreement between Ottawa and Alberta. No wonder usually silent and long-suffering Canadians were getting mad to hell and saying so from one end of the country to the other. —Page A5



Gene fishing

They use dew worms and high tech equipment, but it's still called fishing. —Page 3

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That was the week, was it?

Castles in the sand, frogs in the
air on those long, busy, crazy days
of summer. — Page 2



Uncertain future

President Sadat of Egypt asks Reagan to talk to the PLO and is officially rebuffed. — Page 38



Because the postal strike has halted normal subscriber distribution, this issue will only be available on newspapers. Maclean-Hunter offers and news bureaus across the country free some copies available free for individual pickup on request (for addresses, left, and middle, page 5.) This issue will not be mailed to subscribers when the strike ends. All current subscriptions will have their terms extended by the number of disrupted weeks. The magazine expects to return to its full run next week.

Straining away the miles

Connie Kaldor sings her heart out for free food and folk festival camaraderie. —Page 31



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EDITORIAL

Future schlock: the quality of leadership is strained

By Peter C. Newman

The fact that this country under Pierre Trudeau is being ruled and not governed was never more clearly illustrated than during the postal strike. It was the seriously stated contention of Postmaster-General André Gauthier that "businessmen who have to rely on the post office to make a living... better find other ways." This is a rational way of pondering. The department Gauthier runs (when it runs) processes 35 million pieces of mail a day—more than 80 per cent of it with business addresses. To follow the minister's advice would cost close to an extra billion dollars a year. Even the most acquiescent of taxpayers has to wonder why delivering mail shouldn't properly be one of the government's prime functions.

The Gauthier doctrine reflects the mood of lassitude that covers Ottawa like Pandey fog. Nobody seems to care whether the trains are running or the dollar is nose-diving. The grotesque level of interest rates is treated as a minor annoyance by cabinet ministers jetting off on holidays. International Labor Organization charts that show us leading the industrial world in work-time lost through strikes are absorbed with a

shrug at least we lead the world in something.

The great irony in all this is that, despite some tough short-term problems, the country's long-term future couldn't be brighter. We sit on top of that one-third-birth of the earth's crust that has the most valuable mineral wealth beneath it. Industrial projects worth \$1,000 billion are slated to be started during this decade. By 1991, Canada is due to become one of the world's half-dozen trillion-dollar economies.

In today's business climate (see cover story, page 15) that kind of cheerful projection seems arrogant. Yet even our current troubles aren't as bad when placed alongside what has been happening to other countries. While our currency has declined substantially during the past year in relation to the Yankee buck, it has gained when compared to the German mark (by 30 per cent), the Italian lira (38 per cent) and even the stable Swiss franc (33 per cent).

Still, that bit of cheerful news isn't going to do much for the house owner facing a 22-per-cent mortgage renewal. Canada's top priority must be to restore public confidence in the politicians' ability to run the country. We will lose our chance for greatness only if we abandon our quest.

August 17, 1988

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Editor

Peter C. Newman

Managing Editor

Barbara M. Rogers

Assistant Managing Editor

Chris MacKenzie

Senior Editor

Angela Fraser

Staff Editor

Chris MacKenzie

Assistant Editor

Chris MacKenzie

Production Editor

Chris MacKenzie

Graphic Designer

Chris MacKenzie

Photo Editor

Chris MacKenzie

Assistant Photo Editor

Chris MacKenzie

Assistant Photo Editor

Chris MacKenzie

Assistant Photo Editor

Chris MacKenzie

Assistant Photo Editor

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Assistant Photo Editor

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A crusade on the comic crusaders

I am disgusted that such followers of Christ as the Canadian Protestant League can resist revelation. The *Crusaders* comics (Emswiler/Concord Press, Oakville, Ontario, Aug. 3) This is not a question of being treated as a Protestant or a liberal promoting freedom of the press. These booklets promote violence, hatred and racism. They portray situations that are unrealistic, sick and revolting. How can anyone justify their dissemination, much less their use as instruction materials for any kind of religious? Ontario's anti-racism program, Roy McMurtry, should have no problem deciding that the *Crusaders* comics have been designed to promote hatred of Catholics.

—M. JAHN COULSON,
Ithaca

Pay now and pay later

Barbara Amiel demonstrates an acute understanding of the moral questions surrounding the issue of publicly funded abortions (A1 *Problems* Aug. 30 *Free*, Column, July 27). She sees the intimate connection between civil liberties and economic freedom. Individuals liberty cannot flourish in a society that coerces some of its members (by means of taxation) to finance an act which is tantamount to murder in the eyes of the subset persons. It would seem to me a natural step in the direction of moral



'Workmen, sick and overbearing'

justice to ask those who decide to have abortions to pay their own way. Amiel is quite right to demand an end to the estimated \$15-million annual public subsidy for abortions.

—RAYCROFT BLISS,
White Lake, Ont.

Arise fair consciousness

In your article on the launching of the *Progressive* Secretariat (Raising Global Consciousness, Follow-up, July 11) you describe External Affairs Minister Jean MacGillivray's address to the Special Session of the UN General Assembly as being "more notable for what it did not offer, namely more dollars for Can-

ada's foreign aid budget, than for specific commitments." This statement is entirely misleading in implication. The reason the actual speech made no specific promise of increased foreign aid was because the matter had not yet been considered by the cabinet. Three weeks later, at a Special Session of the assembly, the minister announced that Canada would reverse the trend of recent years and increase its official development assistance and would set best efforts to reach the UN target of 0.7 per cent of GNP by the end of this decade.

—JAMES MOORE,
Special Assistant to the Secretary
of State for External Affairs,
Ottawa

In your article on the *Progressive* Secretariat you talk about Lisa Campagnone's contribution and that "one of her models was Participapac." Participapac was going strong years before her brief appearance on the scene. It was begun as Sport Participapac Canada in 1971, from an idea originally conceived by Philippe de Gaspé-Beauchamp. A group of dedicated business people, recruited by him, enlisted the sponsorship of the late prime minister Lester Pearson who served as the group's chairman until his death. Together they worked some great money from the Info. Campaign. It's silent acceptance of credit for its creation and operation does a gross injustice to the many volunteers from the private sector who helped nurture Participapac to maturity.

—KEITH E. MCKEEBACH,
Former President, Participapac
Toronto

PASSAGES



HERB McVyn Douglas, 58, an Oscar, Tony and Emmy Award-winner, whose portrayals of young, carefree characters made him one of Hollywood's best-known character actors of generations completed by a heart condition, in New York City. After being fired from his regular job at an ad agency, Douglas turned to acting and made his Broadway debut in 1958. He gained international fame as the man who made Garbo laugh in the 1933 film *Ninotchka*.

KENNETH Alvarez-Nunig, nephew of Colombia's justice minister, Fabio Andrade Nunig, from his hometown 250 km southeast of Bogotá, by seven unidentified gunmen who left a ransom note demanding \$500,000 for his release. Police said they suspected the abductors were left-wing guerrillas.



KENNERLY President Lino Garcia Mesa, 52, of Bolivia, when the leaders of the army and air force threw their support behind rebels led by Alberto Nunez de Busch, president for 15 days in 1979. Garcia Mesa, who served power last July in the 1980 military take-over in the country's 136 years of independence, stepped down after describing the soldiers as "power-hungry adventurers who were political and professional failures."

ASSASSINATED Hassan Ayat, 46, the top theorist of Iran's ruling Islamic Republic Party (IRP), in Tehran, by three counter-revolutionaries with as-

tonomic rifles. The killing took place shortly before the Iranian parliament endorsed the appointment of an IRP leader. **HAUSTOLEMAN** Mohammed Ali Rahbar, 47, as premier.

APPOINTED Gen. Graciano Alvarez, 55, as president of Uruguay for a 2.5-year term, by the 32 top-ranking officers of the armed forces. He succeeds President Aparicio Mendez who has served since 1976.



HERB John Norman, 63, a leading figure in Great Lakes, shopping and the grain-trading trade, in his West Palm Beach, Fla., home. A director of the Toronto Dominion Bank and a former chairman of Hawker Siddley Canada Inc. and Stroy Bank (now Minto Ltd), Peterson is survived by his 96-year-old father, Norman Peterson, who recently retired from the Senate.



Fall's the time when people have more time to chat and make friends. When inns and restaurants have more room to welcome you. And when all of Nova Scotia seems to be celebrating something. The Fishermen's Reunion in Lunenburg, the Designer Craftsmen Show in Halifax, the Hants County Exhibition, North America's oldest, in Windsor. They're all part of fall in Nova Scotia!

And you can get to it all, in comfort and in style, aboard the Princess of Acadia, CN Marine's auto-ferry sailing from Saint John, New Brunswick to Digby, Nova Scotia. It's a fun and friendly sea-faring trip that can save you miles of driving and gallons of fuel. On board there's a comfortable lounge, bar, sundeck, day cabins, newsstand and cafeteria.

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CN Marine



Lament for a fallen bourgeoisie

'I'm struck by the alarming frequency of fiscal fat-chewing'

By Lawrence O'Toole

There was a time when, in reasonably refined company, mention of money was considered crude in conversation among people who were "making out all right." Money was a private matter, seldom a shared social interest—unless, of course, you had so much money that talking about it was more playful mathematics. Never having had the pleasure myself, but having been one who was "making out all right," I'm struck by the alarming frequency of fiscal fat-chewing. I'm also guilty of the same crime, because, you see, I belong to a new breed, one laughingly called the young professional, to whom disposable income now means having a penny to throw in a fountain for good luck.

Once there were the rich and the poor, and the varied strata in between, each of them with their own distinct customs. Those various levels have, within the past few years, blurred into a state of classlessness—the so-called brand of class. To call oneself a young professional is a member of the middle class is not only an understatement, it's a form of false vanity. Everyone I know, this new blurred breed, is in the same boat—and sinking.

To be part of the so-called brand of social class means you earn a salary that allows you to pay your basic bills but forbids you to incur any others. The same salary several years ago might have produced a stark coat for your mother, or inspired a furling spell. It now means living somewhere that's a cut above a shantytown, but with a few little things wrong with it. It means having to exercise a fair degree of imagination with ground beef and chicken. (I myself have a growing fear of sinking up some morning with wings.) It means never taking taxis unless you find yourself haemorrhaging on the street and have to get to a hospital. And oh yes—it means watching a lot of TV.

Two facts continually rear their ugly little heads (at there is less and less money and (b) what there is of it is not only hard to come by, but goes very little distance for you. A price sticker at a supermarket has become a brutal satire. These days there is no need to keep up with the Joneses, the Joneses are in the same fix you are. Speaking for both myself and the Joneses, I find a calculator has become as useful as a pet rock.

Obviously, the quality of life is being strained, yet in a more subtle way than might appear. The new state of classlessness, or many classes being lumped into one, has resulted in the deterioration of culture as well. And by culture I don't mean just ballet and books, but rather in the general sense—the quality of life. When the distinguished humorist Barbara Tuchman wrote in *The New York Times Magazine* last year that culture, in the larger sense of

the word, had gone the way of the dodo, she documented the sorry state of affairs without accounting for it. For it is fairly simple though: If people are more concerned with survival (eating and drinking, clothing, paying bills, etc.), they have less time and inclination to be concerned with improved quality in their lives.

It used to be that people of my own class and aspiration spent their extra time and money on improving themselves, seeking in that extra amount that could be had from life. But priorities have been rearranged; being stable was something you used to take for granted. Now, the extra time you would have given to making yourself a better man or woman is taken up maintaining that stability. If there's time left over, you rest.

There is less quality offered, too. In the world of culture in its specific sense—the world of marketable arts and entertainment—a kind of death has occurred. Having always depended on patronage, the quality of specific culture (ballet, books, music, films and so on) has often been directly proportional to the money supporting it. Therefore, with little money to back it, those specific efforts of culture play it safe or play to sell. Currently, what plays most often is the best deal for the greatest number of people. And quality has always suffered at the hands of the many.

Those who would have quality, among which I would include myself, can not always afford it and settle for the bargain—a good TV show, a free concert, the paperback version of the book you wanted to read last year. The durable and the obscure are being sought, and that usually means eliminating risk and momentary pleasures. When a society's concerns become conservation and "making do," quality is bound to erode because it simply can't be here-and-now, important. Aspirations, other than monetary, seem essentially frozen: the status quo has to be catered to, not any change.

The majority of the so-called brand of class was tainted during the tumult of the '60s, a decade that seemed to say, "Be alive first, survive second." A little more than a decade later the walls seem to be whispering consumer, opportunist. Urged to heed like everyone else, I'm beginning to feel I'm related to the squirrel family. Adopting the current conservative mood can mean an unconscious deflection of one's energies into the acquisition of money, with the mind being left with little leisure. Money, it seems to me, has become the entrepreneur of the imagination—a chandelier lighting up every thought. Perhaps that is why, among reasonably civilized company at the dinner table, bread and butter have become the most in metaphors.

Lawrence O'Toole is a Maclean's contributing editor in New York.



classmates



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THIS CANADA

Making kayaking waves

White water enthusiasts converge on the Madawaska

By Ian Anderson

Some 50 km from its source in Algonquin Provincial Park, the Madawaska River collides with Bark Lake then sud, depending on whether it is spring or summer, runs or rages over the top. There is something about the Madawaska River at this point—300 km west of Ottawa—that only a white water nut would notice, and one summer day, 11 years ago Hermann Kerckhoff, an immigrant from Blumberg, West Germany, did notice as his kayak lobbed down the five kilometres of rapids below the dam the water is actually *use* or turbulent water and was such as a rare combination. Not because the Bark Lake Dam releases its water from the top, unlike most hydroelectric dams, it releases only the sun-heated surface water. You don't have to drink it is a no-growth wet suit to survive a few hours of boating through a hostile current in a cage-shaped, torso-thin kayak that seem as vulnerable in a rock-strewn stream as a cross balloon in a jet factory.

Kerckhoff, a former fire refitting contractor whose enthusiasm colors each word of his gattered English, dreamed of making a living "at something you enjoy doing." From that day in 1966, he and his wife, Christa, par-

aded the dream. Six years later, when they opened Madawaska Keno Camp, his old Toronto friends at the Ontario Voyageurs Kayak Club laughed at them and their camp below the Bark Lake Dam. Ten years later they were sending their children to it.

There is a single-mindedness about Hermann and Christa Kerckhoff. They share enthusiasm and tend to finish off each other's sentences. When Hermann was first exposed to kayaking in early 1964, he decided then and there that, "Awww, I had to do it." They had just paid off the second mortgage on their Toronto home, Hermann was to be married seven days a week "like any normal dam" and they were looking for some outdoor recreation. After all, they had come to Canada for adventure. True to form, they also decided to become champions and, by 1969, led their respective sides in the Canadian National Kayak Championships in Windsor, Que. At the 1972 March Olympics, Hermann, then 34 (most European competitors were half his age), represented Canada, coached by Christa. He finished last, but then Canada had never done particularly well internationally in this sport invented by its own.

The hesitant group of seven struts



Ascending the rapids (top), the Kerckhoffs' water bugs in the glacial current

along the river's edge on the granite ledges that tilt into the rolling Madawaska. The river roars and maddens, now sunlight splashes off the churning water. Maple saplings poke timidly from cracks in the rock, doomed to desolation in next spring's runoff, and a heavy scent of pine and cedar drifts from the overhanging glade. "Anyone who doesn't want to run these rapids doesn't have to," reassures Bob Bryant, a lean, heavily tattooed astronaut. He wears a bathing suit and helmet, standard equipment. From his waist hangs the neoprene spray skirt that will seal him into his kayak so that, even when tossed spine down by the rapids, he can breathe that most irascible of kayak enemies, the Kalamazoo roll.

None of the natives has ever ventured into such turbulent water. The laid-back Bryant continues his spiel, talking about currents and rocks, laydowns and eddies, and about scoping a river as you can follow the tongue of open water down to a safe and breathless conclusion. This is a Class II rapid. Just below the dam is Hermann's Class III

What's your chance of getting hot water from the sun?

Pretty good, but it's expensive right now. Even in an ideal location, it would cost you at least \$2,500 to have a solar water heater installed in your home today.

But Ontario Hydro believes that solar water heating is one of the most promising ways to use the sun's energy. So we are working to improve the technology.

The biggest advantage of a solar water heater is the energy it saves. The sun heats up your water during the day and can also build up a supply for night-time use. When the solar-heated supply isn't enough, the system automatically switches to your regular water heater.

Our research people have been carrying out in-depth tests of solar water heaters for the past four years. Recently they installed heaters in several homes near the research centre and are monitoring their performance and costs to see how well they work in everyday family life.

The Hydro research program is the most complete study of solar water heater systems ever undertaken in Canada and underlines Hydro's efforts to explore renewable energy possibilities. Most other studies have looked at the solar collectors only. By looking at the whole system, including pumps, controls, and storage tanks, Ontario Hydro supplies valuable help to manufacturers. The study will also provide guidelines for future solar water heater standards to be set by the Canadian Standards Association.

Besides the actual testing and monitoring of solar water heaters, Hydro is training staff to assist the industry in site selection, installation and inspection methods.

Some 50 more test systems are being installed in homes across Ontario. Next year, if all goes well, about 700 solar water heaters will be installed across the province. By the end of 1983, it's expected

the program will represent a five million dollar investment shared equally by Ontario Hydro and the Ontario and Federal governments.

Toward the mid-eighties, it's hoped that the solar industry will start building water heaters for a market that could be as many as 5,000 a year across Ontario, which should go a long way to bringing the cost down. Also the development of practical solar water heating systems should help stimulate the Canadian solar industry in world markets.

Affordable solar water heaters could save a lot of valuable energy. So let's keep our fingers crossed. By the 1990s, who knows how many of us may be showering in water warmed by the sun.



Electricity—when you need it, we're there.





School instruction this week



site, called the Strathcona Rapids. "Class IV is where you usually have to work pretty hard," Bryant comments. "You usually have to get out and swim. Class V is like Class IV, only harder. Class VI is where the International Canoe Federation says there could be loss of life."

Like these seven, kayakers, Rick Bryant heard of Hermann through kayak friends, that small fraternity of thrill-seekers whose churches are these tiny outdoor stores with kayaks hung from the rafters, and whose Macos are rivers like the Madawaska, or the Saguenay in Idaho, or the Chataignier in South Carolina (note of the canoe: *de-American*). In this fraternal world, a kayak maker whose moulding machine spins out 4,000 boats a year is referred to in terms of a General Motors, and a national class champion, such as the 41-year-old of the Keweenaw's three daughters, 38-year-old Claudia, has fame akin to Wayne Gretzky.

With a few tentative strokes that send the kayak skimming, each novice alternately dives, bounces and splashes his way down his first 180 metres of white water. From above, Rick Bryant gives instructions while David Chabot, the 17-year-old assistant, keeps the nose of her 10 kg kayak in an eddy downstream, waiting to pick up anyone who gets separated from his craft. Today there is only one drop-out: Ian McPhail, a young Toronto sensation, who makes good on his second try. Minutes later six red-headed faces beam with pleasure at route's end and from bobbing shelves of fibre glass. "It's really incredible for your age," proclaims Anton Tymoshenko, an 18-year-old art student from Mississauga, Ont. "You look at these rapids and if you don't know anything about them you think it's impossible to get through."

Upon each gentle baster runs the greatest of any white water school graduates, for example are fully aware

equipment, and you know the techniques, and paddle with people who know the river—then anybody can do it. But this isn't a real glimmer sport. There's a lot of adversity and that puts people off. It takes a special kind of person to want to sit on a slatted seat with an angry a sport where there's a strong tendency to except a wet tent."

As Hermann and Christa began to offer white water kayaking, sport canoeing and rafting, more Canadians signed up, to the point where they now account for half the school's yearly enrolment of 500 to 600 students. The success was such that there has been the temptation to turn their stretch of river paradise into a Camp Island for the white water set. "We take only 40 people on the river a day but we could double that," insists 42-year-old Christa, an accountant by training and instructor, whose white Parre Curdin shorts counterpoint her husband's old sweatshirt and faded blue jeans. "But the next year we would have an enrolment of 30, Christa," he protests. "People would go home and say it's a snoo." Found in his mind is the belief that his five kilometres of river can "absorb" no more than 40 people in either the five-day (\$300 with food) course or the \$150 weekend course.

The Keweenaw's define themselves as "non-competitive" people. Hermann's greatest thrill was watching the school grow by word of mouth, as white water folk stopped to chat on those swift clear streams bowered in green wilderness. In such hurried circles the couple have won a degree of fame for running one of the country's best training schools, where U.S. and Canadian national teams come to train. In fact, it is in large part due to their school's popularity—one of about 12 in Canada—that the ranks of the Canadian White Water Association have doubled in the past decade to 2,700 members. The initial term of the Kanto Camp is now a chalet and dormitory complex and the Keweenaw's property now includes 16 acres of wilderness where, for modest rates, students can camp overnight and cook their own meals.

Hermann, now 43, finally quit his floor refinishing business this spring. Those days he dreams of passing on the school to his daughters, since "it is a young people's business." He will still teach a bit, but he wants his freedom, too. Like Rick Bryant he still blocks off autumn months just to paddle, and the plumes of such a life draw him irresistibly. While Christa keeps a file of things she wants to do when she has time, he has something simpler in mind. "I'm going to be a carpenter again and let Claudia and Annette run the business. I want to get back to paddling." Back to playing, he is asked? "Yeah!"

FOLLOW-UP

No peace from a prize



Williams (left), Corrigan (right) dream

On Aug. 30, 1993, British army bullets hit a driver for the Irish Republican Army, and his car went out of control, killing three children. Within hours, their aunt, Marcella Williams, and her friend, Betty Williams, both Catholics from Belfast, rose up in anger against seven years of violence in Northern Ireland. They became evergreen sensations, collecting 100,000 signatures for their Donations for Peace and moving thousands of Catholics and Protestants over the next months to march for peace. Donations flooded in for their new organisation, The Community of the Peace People. By December, 1977, they won the Nobel Peace Prize and its \$148,000 prize money.

Today, the Peace People, beset by inner conflicts and financial problems, have dwindled to a mere 200 members, and the peace they hoped for is still a distant dream. Says Corrigan, "When I looked out from my back window at Bobby Sands's funeral procession, and I saw the young people standing around his coffin and crying above it, I thought, 'There's people at that funeral who came out marching for peace in 1976.' I looked at my father who was dying of cancer, and he said to me, 'It's all gone back, Marcella. We'll never turn it around.'"

Life since the Nobel Prize has not been easy for the two women. They have been attacked and beaten by IRA sup-

porters who accused them of being British spies. Williams, who left the Peace People in 1980, says of her prize "It almost destroyed me personally. It's a hell of a burden. No matter what you do, if you stop the wrong way, somebody wants to write about it." She is now organising a club to help "joyriders." Belfast teen-agers who steal cars and crash them into police and army barricades to protest tight security measures.

Corrigan and her Peace People work largely in the Belfast prisons. They published an excellent but unimpassioned document last year, recommending abolition of emergency measures that permit search and seizure without warrants and curfew sentencing without

trial under due process of British law. They also run a resettlement program for ex-prisoners who wish to quit paramilitary organisations, but feel intimidated to stay. Corrigan has also been caring for the two surviving children of her sister, Anne Maguire, who committed suicide last year. Next month Corrigan will marry her sister's husband, Jack Maguire, in Rome. Although she still believes that "best of all the suffering will come a better society in Northern Ireland," her greatest pride is not in the Nobel Prize, but in her care of the two children. "Making them happy is the one real thing that I have managed to do." —GILLIAN MACKAY
Rick first from John Curry and Nancy Wilson.

MYERS'S

ULTRA LIGHT TASTE. MYERS'S WHITE RUM.

A question of a box with no bottom

A legal battle rages over the cleanup of a chemical dump



Bloody Run Creek is a muddy meandering stream of water on the American side of the Niagara River that would be of little interest to anyone if it didn't happen to be full of poison. The creek, which carries a side of toxic wastes, flows from the Hyde Park chemical dump onto the Niagara River and, eventually, Lake Ontario. The surface runoff, however, is a small problem compared to the risk that deadly chemicals, seeping down, are poisoning the justice to creek below the dump, and moving through creeks and streams to the Niagara gorge.

In December, 1976, the U.S. department of justice, on behalf of the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA), sued Hooker Chemical Co. over the cleanup of the dump, and an out-of-court settlement was reached earlier this year. But the proposal has been vigorously attacked by American and Canadian environmentalists who claim that the wastes can never be safely contained on the site. Last month, the department of external affairs and Environment Canada sent a delegation to meet with U.S. state department officials to express Canada's concern.

The proposed settlement was challenged in June by two Canadian groups, Pollution Probe and Operation Clean-Niagara, and a U.S. group, the Environmental Task Force, which jointly filed an amici curiae (friends of the court) brief with the U.S. federal court in Buffalo. Their allegations convinced fed-



Local resident observes Bloody Run Creek. (Photo: "single showgirl")

eral court judge John Curtin last month to delay confirmation of the settlement. Barbara Morrison, the Buffalo attorney who represents the Environmental Task Force, says that the environmental groups not acted as "watchdogs," the EPA and New York state would have already "bargained away their point of view."

Hyde Park was used as a dump from 1923 until 1975. The 35-acre site is four times the size of the infamous Love Canal dump and contains 73,000 tonnes of toxic chemicals, including Mirex, benzene, mercury and C-36. However, it is the presence of dioxin (TCDD) that poses the greatest threat to the four million Canadians and one million Americans

who depend upon Lake Ontario for drinking water and recreation. Dioxin is sootily toxic at low doses, is a known carcinogen, has caused birth defects in laboratory animals and accumulates in the fatty tissues of mammals and fish. The most conservative calculation puts the amount of dioxin in Hyde Park at 189 kg. Douglas Hallett of Environment Canada says that close to 800 kg is "a more realistic estimate."

In his submission to the court brief, Hallett links Hyde Park to the dioxin contamination of certain species and herring gulls on Lake Ontario—a connection that Hooker says is responsible for the establishability. While there has been an actual reduction in contamination levels since Hooker ceased trash-burned production in 1975 and less than 4,500 kg of dioxin has reached Lake Ontario so far, Hallett warns that "a single showgirl" would result in dangerous levels of contamination.

The proposed settlement between Hooker and the EPA calls for the capping of the dump to limit the infiltration of rainwater and to prevent the escape of poisonous gases, and for the possible monitoring and collection of the leachate, which results when rainfall percolates through the chemicals and carries them away from the site. Great Andover, a hydrologist with Garner Lee Associates in Bostonville, Ont., says, however, that the wastes are impossible to contain on the site because they can escape through the porous bedrock beneath the dump by routes too numerous to feasibly control. If not removed, they will require management "on perpetuity," he said in his submission to the court brief. In its reply to the court brief, Hooker objects to the "birth of no bottom" designation, arguing that monitoring and collection of leachate migration below the bedrock is possible, and is provided for in the settlement.

Environmentalists are watching the case closely, because Hooker and the EPA have touted the Hyde Park deal as a model settlement that can be applied to the company's other dumps in the area that are the subject of similar litigation. The Hyde Park settlement makes prominent for companies in 25 years and a revision owed to Hooker's parent company, Occidental Petroleum, of \$19 million. This compares to an estimated cost of \$60 million for the situation that would be avoided by removal of the wastes for incineration or burial on a day shift. Longer Barbara Morrison says the expenditure of settling is "dioxinous" because it will be reaching long before 25 years is up. And when Hooker is off the hook, she says, "only the public will be left to pay."

—JANICE CULLINGHAM and GILLIAN MACKEY

Guarding the bamboo curtain

Hohhot, Inner Mongolia is on the front line of China's defence against the Soviet Union

By Brian Jeffries

Perched high on the roof overlooking the entrance to the museum in Hohhot, the besting, broad-shouldered capital of Inner Mongolia, is a magnificent statue of a sturdy Mongolian horse with nostrils flared, rearing wildly on its hind legs, this symbol of Mongolian audacity has been sent into the heart of China and toward Peking. It was not always so. Before the cultural revolution in China, a similar horse gazed expectantly northward toward Outer Mongolia and the Soviet Union. To the late Chairman Mao's former Red Guards, the horse was a national affront. They hacked off its head and



first lines of defence in the Tsing mountains. The summit of the winding pass is heavily guarded. The mountains on either side are lined with tanks, tank traps and anti-aircrafting creches along which soldiers move.

New that China has acquired its own nuclear weapons, the chances of outright war with the U.S.S.R. have diminished, although the possibility of occasional bloody border flare-ups remains. When China and Vietnam fought their border war two years ago, Soviet troops in Outer Mongolia drove their tanks to the edge of the border of Inner Mongolia and, as part of the war of nerves, they fired blanks while Soviet fighter jets swooped overhead.

These days, the frontier is quiet and there are even limited exchanges between Mongolians. China grants occasional visas to Outer Mongolians wishing to visit their relatives and permits nomadic visits in the other direction. The two sides meet regularly to exchange horses, sheep and camels that have strayed into each other's territory.

The promulgation of most Inner Mongolians these days is not war, but recovery from the horrors of the cultural revolution. The Peking government now admits that 10,000 people were killed or committed suicide as a result of harassment by the Red Guards in the 10 years following 1966. A glimpse behind the iron bars confirms that still swarms those years is provided by Juma Se, 38, Inner Mongolian's only living Buddha. As he sits nervously smoking cigarette in a rooming room of the Da Tu Monastery in Hohhot, he says, "The cultural revolution must be regarded as the big-



In later reappeared—facing the other direction.

The low-shaped, 4,675-km frontier between Inner and Outer Mongolia was nonexistent until this century. Mongolian herdsman, descendants of the nomadic conqueror Genghis Khan, used to wander freely back and forth across the frontier. Today, Mongolia, a wild and wind-whipped territory in western Asia, is a nation divided, its border a key military front line between the two Communist giants of China and the Soviet Union. The Red Guard's border region already holds the world's second-largest concentrations of troops—some 620,000 Soviets facing an estimated 15 million Chinese.

Moscow has transferred Outer Mongolia to a nominally independent but

Mongolian herdsman (above), street in Hohhot, blackbirds of Genghis Khan.

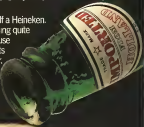
virtually subject satellite state bordering with both Soviet and Mongolian soldiers. Peking's grip on Inner Mongolia is equally firm. Mongolia among the 18.5 million population are outnumbered 9 to 1 by Chinese.

Because of superior Soviet military might, the Chinese would have little chance of stopping any land invasion at the border between Inner and Outer Mongolia, which is a broad open plain. As a result, they have withdrawn most of their troops south to the mountains strutting China's industrial and energy-producing heartland Hohhot, with a population of 700,000, is tucked away on the southern edge of one of China's



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best crime in Chinese history." Before the cultural revolution, there were 850 lama's temples in Inner Mongolia. Now there are only five that can still be repaired, he says. About 1,000 of Inner Mongolia's 30,000 lamas or priests were killed or committed suicide during the same period. He himself was jailed for a period and then forced for 10 years to do manual labor.

It is only in the past year that his monastery in Hohhot has been repaired and reopened for worship, in line with the more liberal policies now espoused by the new Communist leadership of Chinese Vice-Premier Deng Xiaoping.

He does not fear a return to the horrors of the cultural revolution, but not all the residents of Hohhot are so confident. Many Inner Mongolians are still uncertain about the future, obviously fearing another upheaval. These days they're concentrating on enjoying themselves. For students at the University of Inner Mongolia, learning is made that includes three tapes taped from the Voice of America and BBC broadcasts in all the rage. "I like the more social dances such as the tango and salsa," says Yee Haag, an English language student at the university. "Jazz and rock 'n' roll is very popular." Her father, a language teacher at the university, was drafted to Inner Mongolia 20 years ago, along with hundreds of thousands of other Chinese, to develop the region. Yee says she will remain because Inner Mongolia still needs "cadres of intellectuals to develop it."

She is, however, in a minority. Many of the Chinese sent to Inner Mongolia cannot wait to get out. The Chinese tend to look down on the Mongolians who, under Peking's latest policy, are encouraged to have as many children as possible. The Chinese themselves are pleased if they have more than two.

During the cultural revolution, Peking's policy was to bring the national revolution into line and annihilate them. Now the policy is reversed. Mongolian culture, language and history are being promoted in an effort to win the descendants of Genghis Khan. Even the great conqueror himself, whose Mongol horde swept up to the gates of Peking nearly 800 years ago, has been restored to favor after being cast as a monster from an oppressive society, he is now a folk hero and statesman.

Peking now approves of his role in leading together the confederation of tribes of the Mongolian grasslands. But the Chinese are not so enthusiastic about his role as a conqueror. It was, after all, Genghis Khan who first sacked Peking before cutting a bloody swath through Asia and what is now the Soviet Union. Far better, for Peking, that the warlike statue of the hero be left south in allegiance than to deface it.

COVER

Does nothing work anymore

Interest rates are high, the dollar is low and Canadians are losing their cool

By Jane O'Hara

In his 12 years in power, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau has enshrined the shrug, shrugging it from the bottom of more body language in the arsenal of a modern political weapon. The shrug—shoulders raised, chin lowered, neck nowhere to be seen, palms turned placidly upward—seemed to be a pace of polished rhetoric. While language scholars are supposed to maintain that classic detachment, mastering the Kipling-esque command to keep "your head when all about you are losing theirs and blaming it on you."

Last week, as Trudeau and his three young children tunned at a secluded Mediterranean villa owned by Minnesota's King Hussein, Canadians were being not only their heads but their shirts. And they were blaming it on him. On Friday, at the end of a week in which it was reported that Canada had the world's worst strike record, that the Canadian dollar had hit its lowest level since December, 1982—80.42 cents U.S.—that the country's major banks had pegged their prime rate at a record 10.75 per cent, and that in order to keep the Canadian dollar afloat, the Bank of Canada had depleted its international reserves by \$1.7 billion, in July, Trudeau was not even available for shorthand. He was in Niagara, where, after a red-carpet welcome on the tarmac, he and his sons flew for the weekend to two luxury Niagara State parks where the champagne is perpetually bubbled and the rooms are \$150 a day.

In contrast, Canadians at home were treated to yet another incense of oil-priced decisions between Energy Minister Marc Lalonde and his Alberta counterpart, Gary Leach. But the news that Canada's postal strike seemed to be finally over failed to locate a growing restlessness over the world state of the economy. Despite the long-severing nature of most Canadians, the confidence of 10 winds proved too much

in one angry voice they were asking, "Does nothing work anymore?" Speaking for the legions of disaffected, Ruth Borgoe, a 36-year-old farmer's wife from New London, P.E.I., said, "This country is going to the dogs." In the affluent community of Oakville, Ont., 5,000 people signed a petition for the recall of Parliament before the scheduled Oct. 14 date in Toronto, a

hasn't got a grip on this mess. The economy's being run by rules made 100 years ago and they just don't work."

In Edmonton, Calgary and Toronto, three tabloids owned by the virulently anti-Trudeau Thomson Press Publishing Corp. jumped into the fray with a new salvo by Trudeau's abrogation and broke with the tradition of devoting their front page to bare-breasted



front pages and three-alarm fire to run a full-page editorial demanding WISEP FOR CANADA. They expressed reasons to protest either by phone or slip-net ballot and the response was lukewarm. In Toronto, neighbourhoods lit up with slurs of it's mine and it's mine when the confound of nials had blown exchange controls, irascibly taking with them the phone lines of Wood Gundy Ltd., one of Canada's largest brokerage houses. In one day, 31,000 tiny Canadians filed these grievances, leading Toronto's office-in-chief Peter Wertheimer to comment, "People aren't apathetic about this anymore. They may not be storming the Bastille, but if a political messiah was around in this atmosphere, he might find himself with a popular front."

Amid all the bleating there would come close to the emotional pitch of John Ballach, president of the Canadian Federation of Independent Business. As the shepherd of a flock of 62,000 small Canadian firms, Ballach was pleased that the postal strike—which had cost small business millions—was apparently settled. But, still, there was the plague of interest rates, the bone of discontent that rely on short-term borrowing for inventiveness and capital intensive expansion. Said Ballach, "With Trudeau off, running himself in Yukon-Idaho, this country is drifting and drifting. What we need is a bold policy stroke—now."

Trudeau's allies in the land of the Mass and oceans might have seemed perturbed were it not for the comparison with his American counterpart,

who's not a grip on this mess. The economy's being run by rules made 100 years ago and they just don't work."

In Edmonton, Calgary and Toronto, three tabloids owned by the virulently anti-Trudeau Thomson Press Publishing Corp. jumped into the fray with a new salvo by Trudeau's abrogation and broke with the tradition of devoting their front page to bare-breasted

Maclean's
100-100-100



Ronald Reagan (see box, page 17), who, before trefling off for his own holiday, seemed at every turn of a television dial to be tiddling up, taking the reins and jolting at least one enemy to the economic plains: the striking air traffic controllers. On royal wedding day, July 29, as Reagan was bawling his tan-gen program through Congress—he sent his wife to watch the pomp instead—Trodgers, those to attend, leaving the house front unattended to suffer a head of economic monogamy. The Toronto Stock Exchange fell 3.56 per cent over two days, taking the largest tumble in nine months and costing an estimated \$55 billion in paper losses. And the consumer confidence index, put out by the Conference Board of Canada, plummeted to the lowest level in the 30-year history of the survey.

With the road in the country hitting up last week, Finance Minister Allan Rock said that his seven-day vacation and jetted to Ottawa to fill in at least one of the leadership blanks. There he was met by a groundswell of protest from opposition critics. NDP leader Ed Broadbent rallied about the need for "emergency" government action.



Shoppers at Hamilton's Seltro plant left, Trudeau arriving in Kenya where the cheques are a particularly local

to stop the flow of short-term money out of the country, he also demanded an early recall of Parliament and a quick budget. Conservative leader Joe Clark opposed the move on the one hand, saying that his party members would take their seats in the Commons even if the Liberals' would. Blackfries stayed and took his leave for a day, then left for Cape Breton and his mountain lake retreat. This pleased at least one Toronto investment analyst who admitted it was preferable that the government stay on vacation. "What the market fears is that Trudeau and Macfries will come back and say things we don't want to hear. They, conversely, could make the situation worse."

It is questionable, in any case, whether Canada would be able to achieve much setting its isolation on its own problems. Last week, Macfries was no doubt hoping Canadians would take some comfort when he told them they were not alone—the entire Western industrial world is mulling in the current economic crisis largely created by high U.S. interest rates. Still, a dreary combination of homegrown and imported problems on three major fronts make it a certainty that things will get worse before they get better.

The dollar. The state of the Canadian dollar today says it all: Dropping last week to a 30-year low, a drop of more than two cents in only three weeks, the dollar, experts say, could go as low as 75 cents if speculation against it remains constant. To date, the Bank of Canada's \$1.75-billion intervention is the only thing that has kept the Canadian currency barely hovering above the 80-cent mark.

At last, the dollar's lowly status reflects a state of non-confidence in the nation's economy when compared to the buoyant credence in the neighboring



U.S. It means that investment and international currency trade under Canada's productivity, reliability and economic management at only about 80 per cent of their American equivalent. There are myriad reasons for this lack of faith. William Macfries, vice president of the Toronto investment house Pinedale Mackay Ross Ltd., lays the blame on the recent, massive and unprecedented flight of Canadian capital toward the London (A) as a response to

What \$1,000 will buy Canada's gains

	Yield as \$1,000 as of July 31	Changes since year ago
Bolton (pound)	448	+18.9%
Argentina (peso)	3,871,421	+120.0%
Belgium (franc)	32,389	+33.7%
China (yuan)	1,441	+13.4%
Denmark (krone)	4,239	+12.0%
East Germany (mark)	1,350	+11.9%
Germany (Deutsch mark)	2,000	+20.7%
India (rupee)	1,000	+10.0%
Israel (shekel)	548	+24.3%
Italy (lira)	1,224	+12.2%
Italy (lira)	99,000	+28.3%
Japan (yen)	3,203	+22.8%
New Zealand (dollar)	1,801	+11.0%
Malaysia (dollar)	4,490	+20.8%
South Africa (rand)	773	+17.8%
Spain (peseta)	80,190	+29.5%
Sweden (krona)	2,280	+12.2%
Switzerland (franc)	1,738	+22.0%
U.S.S.R. (rouble)	834	+12.4%

Canada's losses

	Yield as \$1,000 as of July 31	Changes since year ago
United States (dollar)	100	-3.7%
West Germany (mark)	913	-1.9%
France (franc)	1,019	-8.9%
Chile (peso)	31,440	-3.7%
Chile (peso)	3,440	-2.4%
Colombia (peso)	4,308	-9.1%
Belgium (franc)	610	-3.7%
Great Britain (pound)	1,000	-1.9%
Japan (yen)	1,000	-1.9%
Singapore (dollar)	3,734	-3.7%
Taiwan (dollar)	29,400	-4.8%
Thailand (baht)	3,480	-10.0%

* Exchange rates as of July 31

this, on July 26, Macfries asked the chartered bank to reduce its loans to companies that want to convert Canadian dollars into American to finance foreign business take-overs. Mel Watkins, an economist at the University of Toronto, noted points in the foreign ownership of Canada's infrastructure sector, while James Selway, an economist with Argus Research Corp. in New York, says the dollar will remain hostile until the Trudeau government gets its act together and prepares to think in terms of real hardships and austerity.

According to Macfries, however, Canadians should keep their worries about the dollar "in perspective." Compared with many other world currencies,

the Canadian dollar looks pretty healthy (see chart, page 16). It is up 18.8 per cent compared to the British pound, up 20.7 per cent compared with the German Deutsche mark and up 28.3 per cent compared to the Italian lire. Chief cause of all the currency redesignations has been the U.S. interest rate. Canada has had to raise its rates accordingly—not as an inflation-controlling device as in the U.S., but to prop up the weak dollar.

Where. When the latest round of energy talks between Alberta and Ottawa broke up last week another seal was driven into the coffin of quick economic recovery. "Major differences" on energy

pricing and revenue sharing still separate the two governments, and the 18-week violence in western Canada is to be largely responsible for the weak dollar and the erosion of confidence in Canada itself. The National Energy Program (NEP), which was unveiled last year, was widely expected to fail and which was devoted to being an increasing share of the oil industry to Canadian hands, is at the cross of the squabble. It has scared off foreign investors and consequently reduced the amounts of money needed for exploration and development. This effectively means that less money is coming into the country and less is going out, the former reduces the buying of the dollar,



Reagan jubilated after his latest triumph: the school of positive thinking

The American gambler

When Ronald Reagan was sworn into office last January, he confronted an American economy that was anything but buoyant. America's Western nations, only Italy registered a more dismal level of productivity. Interest rates were soaring, the U.S. dollar was anemic and personal savings—the reservoir of economic growth—were the lowest of any major industrial country. In real terms, very little has changed. Interest rates continue to flirt with near-record highs, and such vital signs as consumer spending and inventories suggest that another recession may be imminent.

Yet in another sense everything has changed, and the administration's first 200 days are now being referred to as the Reagan Revolution in a world in which perfection is often the only reality. Reagan is seen as being in full control of the levers of government, knowing exactly where he wants to lead America and how he intends to get there. Looking at their improbable president, an old man who has spent the better part of his adult life making

sermons, almost all none of Jimmy Carter's rightmost acolytes, Gerald Ford's bland apostle, Richard Nixon's petty vindictiveness. They set, instead, a man who knows his limitations and refuses to apologize for them. As though he had taken a graduate course from the school of positive thinking, Reagan has begun the ultimate sales campaign—selling Americans on the potential of America in the process, the office that only a few years ago seemed depressed, renewed by Watergate and a leadership Congress, has now reemerged its authority.

Against all expectation, the president has focused Congress into approving the largest tax and budget cuts in American history. He has persuaded the Federal Reserve, contrary of the nation's money supply, to keep its doors just narrowly ajar; reducing the debt to money, Reagan argues, will ultimately reduce demand for money, thus curbing inflation.

Consequently, as Treasury Secretary Donald Regan observed recently, all of this might be likened to taking the wheel of some vast, ocean-going vessel and turning the ship 180 degrees. The reversal of direction is now almost complete. What remains undecided—much contested—is whether the ship will be able to move any faster. The entire Reagan package is based on the theory of supply-side economics, which has never been proven in the harsh crucible of the real world.

The theory holds that inflation can be controlled by drastically improving the climate for business. That is accomplished by providing incentives to investors—greater after-tax profits that will not be deflated by stiff higher taxation. With an expectation of more cash in pocket, corporations will be able to invest in new plants and equipment facilities, which will increase the supply of goods and services and make business more efficient.

But there are many dangers. At the heart of their criticism lies the central paradox of supply-side theory on the one hand, the administration is hoping to be rewarded for restoring the availability of money on the other, thus giving consumers more money through tax cuts. The monetary policy is accordingly self-defeating. The fiscal part has historically been a catalyst of recovery, but Reagan's policy has effectively canceled each other out, the economy will continue to stagnate.

The skeptics also dispute the efficacy of tax cuts. They contend the efficacy of most tax increases suddenly evaporates a latter payment when it is spent, it not, save it or invest it. That would undoubtedly spur inflation. At the same time, state and municipal taxes are likely to rise as they compensate for the reduced federal services.

While the Reagan program has clearly not silenced its critics, it is obvious the majority of Americans are prepared to give the president a chance. If the program works, Reagan may well become one of the legendary presidents. If it fails, he will be remembered as such more besides. It is, as Senate Majority Leader Howard Baker admitted the other day, "a riverboat gamble," a crap shoot the entire world is watching with baited breath. —MICHAEL POSNER

Suffer the little children

They were nice kids who went missing. And then they started to turn up dead

By Malcolm Gray

Fear and outrage settled firmly over casually placed suburban New Vancouver as the decomposed body of a third murdered teen-ager was found in the Fraser Valley last week. As 24 members of the RCMP, backed up by four tracking dogs, a helicopter and six members of an elite anti-crime squad (also mounted) continued to search the wooded area near Weaver Lake, 159 km east of Vancouver, the parents of five other children who have gone missing over the past four months waited in hope. But there was no such consolation for the family of 25-year-old Raymond King, who disappeared July 25 after leaving his parents' home in New Westminster to look for a summer job. His body was found in the bush once a BC Forest Service composite after a computer searched a strange area corner from the woods. The remains were found only 1.5 km from the spot where the similarly decomposed body of Judy Kenna, 14—another New Westminster teen-ager—had been discovered July 25. She had last been seen 16 days earlier standing at a bus stop, and her body bore 19 stab wounds. Thyrus Johnson, 16, a victim from Sankston, was found dead with a fractured skull near Mission on May 2 after leaving his relatives' home two weeks earlier.

The discovery of King's body gave a grim emphasis to a growing demand for more police action from the families of three of the missing children. They had grouped together to put out a poster with pictures of King, Brian Partington, 9, of Surrey, who was last seen talking to a man in a shopping centre near his home on July 2, and Louise Hays Chartmard, 11, of Maple Ridge. She was last seen hitch-hiking to work as July 30 Vancouver had to wait a while before they distributed 16,000 copies with the warning: **OUR CHILDREN ARE MISSING—YOU CAN HELP US FIND THEM**. A change had to be made to the poster, when it being displayed in hotel, bars, restaurants and bus terminals around the Lower Mainland, "murdered" has been written across Raymond King's picture.

"The police are moving on this with the speed of turtles on Valium," said Christopher Burgess, a friend of the King family, who has become the

spokesman for the parents of the missing children, neglecting work at his record-producing studio to push for a national inquiry. "We're dealing with a homicide murder here and we have to stop him before he sets again, for he will," Burgess warned. There is no doubt in his mind that the disappearances are connected, a conclusion the police have so far been reluctant to confirm, while admitting privately that there are "common elements" in what are still being treated as separate cases. "The last four children to go missing [Chartmard, King, Kenna and Partington] all disappeared on a Thursday," said RCMP Inspector Larry Froke. Even as his crime unit feeds similarities between the incidents into a computer, though, he is reluctant to say that the disappearances and killings are all the work of one person. "We approach each case individually and investigate it thoroughly, trying not to overlook anything," he said. "It would be unwise to start drawing conclusions at this stage."

That isn't good enough for Burgess and the parents for whom he speaks. He

is critical of the lack of co-ordination among the police as each RCMP unit continues to investigate the disappearances in its area. "I want to see the same kind of effort the federal government in putting forward looking for these three civil servants," said Burgess, referring to an intensive search along the coast for a fleet plane that disappeared two weeks ago with six people on board—a search that will cost \$50,000 in aerial photographs alone. To that, Froke replies that there are between 80 and 300 members of the RCMP working on the murders and disappearances now, and none all belong to the same force the problem of co-ordination isn't serious.

"Five of the kids disappeared in broad daylight or bright moonlight," Burgess said. "They're all clean-cut, not street-wise types, with fair hair and fair complexions. All are relatively small and don't look their age." All the children disappeared within a 16-km radius, and the parents believe they were watched by someone using a "Hitcose could be have annoyed them off the street without being seen" Burgess

Spokesman Burgess with original King poster, victims Johnson (left) and Kenna.



Police blocking access to site of bodies.

asked. As the parents met to organize their own search of the area between Agassiz and Mission, Froke admitted he had never seen a similar case during almost 33 years of police work. "Young children who don't fit the profile of runaway children have gone missing in a short period of time and now three of them are dead." Left unspoken is the implication that the children still missing are also dead. Articles of clothing found one day before King's battered body was discovered have been tentatively identified as belonging to Louise Chartmard.

So far there has been only one description of a suspect released: a well-built man with blonde hair who was seen talking to Brian Partington before he disappeared. Since then the strange fans of Brian's parents, Stephen and Margaret, have appeared several times on television broadcasts to plead for their son's release. "It's not too late. Just let him go near a very interesting where he can be found," Margaret Partington has said. She voiced the feelings of the parents of Sandra Waltons of Langley, who was last seen hitch-hiking on the Fraser Highway on May 19. Yvonne Rerby, 17, another missing teen-ager, was last seen hitch-hiking from her home in Hope to Kamloops. And Anna Court, 12, of Burnaby, disappeared after hitch-hiking in Coquitlam.

The police don't want to start a public panic by prematurely listing all the cases, but they are warning children not to hitch-hike. That isn't enough for Christopher Burgess. He seeks a public panic. "I think it's the only way we're going to get some action."

British Columbia

The lovely smell that's gone away

The smell of money no longer hangs over Port Alberni here, on Vancouver Island, as at Prince George in the Interior where the late W.A.C. Bennett made his famous remark about the stink from pulp mills being the smell of money, the air was sweet and clear last week. That is one of the few gleamable byproducts of a strike that has shut down the forest industry, British Columbia's leading money-maker, for more than a month. As the talks between the companies and the three unions involved were scheduled to start again in Vancouver this

week, it was in such places as Port Alberni, dependent on the wealth in the woods around it, that the anticipation would be most closely watched.

Nuchlain's Klenz's corporate headquarters in Vancouver is in a grey concrete building that looks vaguely like an egg crate standing on its end. It is a two-storey landmark in Vancouver, but the company's presence is noticeable in Port Alberni. Nuchlain's huge pulp and paper plant is just down the hill from Third Avenue, the drabbing business core that looks stuck in a 1940s time warp with its small stores and one-storey buildings. Here the merchants look out at the empty, angled parking spaces and wonder how long the strike will continue. The street itself and other city roads may get bumper if the strike lasts for a while as the gravel pit used for road building lies behind the picket lines on company property.

There are 30,000 people living in and around Port Alberni and 2,700 at their work at MacMillan Bloedel. It is the biggest gains in town and most of the businesses need some of the company's 4,651-million payroll or the \$42 million it spends on goods and services each year. They get some in mid-July when the workers traded chain saws for picket signs and went on a spending spree with four weeks' vacation pay. "We had a real rush on lumber, plywood and paint for about a week after the strike began," said Al Southern, the manager of a building supply store. "It's a good time for someone to fix up his house." But Southern doesn't expect the boom to continue. "It's borrowed business," he said. "We're getting now what we would normally get in September through November." Bouncing stores are also doing well as many of the strikers have decided to go fishing for a while during the hot days of August. It is the businesses that supply goods that people can do without for a while that are suffering. "It definitely has affected



Something picks up Perry Shepard, Bruce Watson's streets may get bumper.

400 km in three days, that was the first price of \$265 for his car dealer owner, Roger Chouin.

While road-wriggling Vikings included the 800th annual Newfoundland dog show, an Inland Festival, at Gault, 90 km north of Winnipeg, New York was locked up in the streets and joined with most spouses at the University of Toronto. Meanwhile, more serious Torontonians, who like the world to know their city's made history by turning the first Monday in August into a civic holiday in 1981, but have lately renounced it. Some Day, gathered at city hall to see Mayor Art Eggleston welcome a re-animated John Graver Sweeney, the town's founder and last lieutenant-governor of Upper Canada.

In the Bay of Chaleur, where mariners warn of storms, 30 sandy types ignored its reputation for cold, rain, and three-wave waves and plunged in to swim. In the French town of St. John, N.B., to Poughkeepsie, Que. For a chance the big inlet on the Gulf of St. Lawrence turned wonderfully calm and the weather was hot, inspiring Paul Anka's from Arizona State University to cross the bay in a record five hours, 36 minutes, 10 seconds, collecting \$400.

It was in the country's northeastern reaches, of course, that redoubtable actors assumed their most colorful lives. Knowing better than most that doggie agitators will snarl about anything, Edmonton newspaper photographer Peter Martin and CHED radio morning man Bruce Bowler lifted off in a helicopter to do a show for Klondike Days, making it all the way to Yukon after three days of endless lightning, freshless men, flashers and a helicopter 12 hours by jet. It was in the mid-Klondike, however, that the manager of Dawson City's Riverside Hotel broke the dance on the steps of the week—the disappearance of the prelude human too without which it is impossible to serve the establishment's celebrated Sourire Cocktail. The tea, traditionally served in a beer glass of champagne, was proffered alongside with a year ago by Alvin Lawford of Fort Saskatchewan, Alta., after she had treasured it for 19 years since its origination (because of the curd). Lawrence had stepped forward after reading that the original tea, when a Yukon miner's wife allegedly shot off his car frozen fast 50 years ago to avoid plague, had been accidentally swallowed by a B.C. consumer of Sourire Cocktails. She finally parted with her tea for \$100 but at week's end the going rate for a tea replacement in today's inflationary climate was understood. —GERALD AXELIN

With Alex from Peter Gault-Gault, Dale Eaker, David Folber, Randolph Jones, Gordon Lloyd and Richard Williams.

Offawa

It matters how you play the game

"I bring you glad tidings," said minister Allan Gold as he announced the end of yet another record national postal strike. "We are all happy with the results—and collective bargaining is alive and well and living in Canada." After three weeks of cupidity and head-knocking, the tough, experienced labor mediator and chief judge of the Quebec provincial court had worked a miracle, getting two of the hardest-on bargaining teams in the country to make a deal.

The fact that less than \$6 million in lost wages, benefits, particularly paid maternity leave, separated the sides and that the postal workers and small business were losing much more money each week the strike lasted, only served to heat up the battle. Gold went from the brink of optimism to the edge of despair repeatedly as he pleaded with the two sides to forget their old



Gold announcing postal settlement (Allan-Gault Paratist right) it was hard to say who won and who lost

battles, ignore extraordinary political pressures and settle up. "Please go easy on poor Uncle Alan," he begged reporters near the end.

Indeed, in the last days of talks the steel and Public Service Staff Relations Board started to look like a psychobabble Mardi Gras. Toronto entrepreneur Cohen brought two well-schilling men, brins—Ralph and Roy—in for lunch. When both sides refused him, he waved clearly that the come of the birds might strike the talker. But then came a Montreal religious school who had been upped at the talks "by miracle" and scattered his blessings on hotel reporters as, inside, the two sides were haggling over the final terms

Treasury Board President, Donald Johnston had signed out the Canadian Union of Postal Workers (CUPW) for a battle long before negotiations started. "CUPW seriously miscalculated the desire of government, flexibility, all along," said a senior Canada Post official just hours before the deal was struck. "Johnston has got his mandate from cabinet, and if the postal workers want a long fight he's going to hang them out to dry." The post office had been working up contingency plans for a return to a limited service through smaller centres for business. The message everywhere was the more the end phase of the strike would be costly, both cash and long—and the more the leadership would have little room to show for it. But the pressure was also mounting on cabinet after weeks of apparent public indifference. Postmaster-General Audet Gauthier's remark that business should not expect to rely on the post office as its living, scorching source from coast to coast. Gold was also putting heat on Johnston in head-to-head meetings, warning him that resolution was on its last legs.

The agreement was CUPW's first paid maternity leave in the federal pub-



lic service. A supplement to unemployment insurance benefits will give some members 50 per cent of their pay during a 17-week leave. The union lost \$1.6m for a 12th day holiday and for four weeks vacation after five years. Pay, which was not a major issue in the dispute, will jump from \$59.61 for the average worker to \$62.35.

The made would be moving again this week if the CUPW membership ratified the contract, and a major issue is postal rates could follow shortly. The question that remains is whether the bitterness generated by the strike will seriously damage the promising beginnings for the new Crown postal corporation that seemed so certain less than two months ago. And last week's general election, it was hard to say who had won and who had lost.

—DREW HILL

Toronto

What makes Jimmy run

The eyes of the nation, inside as they are focused on anything that day, are mostly focused on their own two wriggling nostrils at the end of a snout blanket. Many are trained in cold glances of bone, others, with slams, on the rising cost of living (see cover story). But the country's media are concentrating a good deal of their ferocious attention on the federal leadership in Toronto's Spadina riding where Jim Coats, the most powerful backroom boy in Canada, is attempting to win a seat in Parliament and ultimately, in the Liberal cabinet.

The election was made-to-order for Coats, 40-year-old former principal secretary and friend to Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, when the Liberal incumbent, Peter Silken, 43, was sent to the Senate on July 2. That gave Coats access to the safe Liberal seat in English Canada and a 10-day jump on his opponents in campaigning. So far neither the falling Tories nor the second-guessers have been able to catch up. Not that Coats is helping. He has been door-knocking, grabbing at the hands of sleepy commuters in subway stations and pinning his few public appearances to Spadina's fervid Liberal electorate. "There is no doubt as to why the people on the streets like the prime minister," he said in one speech. "It's like they are. He's strong, he works hard, he tells it like it is."

Coats is distinctly not interested in talking about the dollar, high interest rates or the economy because he says they aren't issues in Spadina. "Most of the anger is in the boardrooms of the



Coats shutting up Peter Silken, Mrs. G. R. Silken: a made-to-order election

Toronto area," he said last week. If that isn't so, "why haven't the Gallup polls (which still show the Liberals ahead in general popularity) changed?"

That speech infuriated Laura Silken, the former chairman of the Ontario Status of Women Council, and Spadina's *Toronto Star*. "We only got angry to talk about the issues," she says, adding that what Coats needs is



Coats' brother Silken (with group Donnie Tolson) and Silken: where the anger is

economic leadership of the sort being displayed by Ronald Reagan. On top of that, Coats is talking down to ethnic voters, "regulating and regulating them." Spadina is a mixed, ethnically mixed area which includes Kensington Market, leafy inner-city side streets now with children and the trendy redneck ghetto that made the University of Toronto's Diego Sabatini own Italian background, and is encumbered by traditional hostility to the PC party among ethnic, and her own well-publicized view (she was a columnist for the right-wing *Toronto Star* before entering the fray) that government intervention policies should be aimed at integration rather than emulating others). —STEVEN EILEY

ferocious. But her greatest nightmare may be her own. The organization she could barely hide her squeaks last week when arguments led her and a small band of reporters on a fruitless search for Spadina's voters through half-empty apartments. First stop, at what was supposed to be a senior citizens' home, turned out to be a student residence and later the same evening, she was almost chased off a street corner in a heavily Portuguese area by some Liberal hecklers when her supporters tried to sign a newspaper "debate."

Perhaps the only candidate with a chance of thwarting Jim Coats's considerable ambition is also the least known inside the riding: the NDP's Daniel Hoag, a 35-year-old Anglican clergyman, former mayor and now chairman for Spadina's Christian area. Born in Winnipeg, Hoag has Anglican parish in Kensington, Que., in 1954 to work for 18 years in a Toronto corrugated box factory so he could be closer to working people. He became interested in politics during the Second World War when he took religious instruction "trained a voice against the falling." While there is no doubt his sincerity, he is hampered by a somewhat lecherous campaign style and a stubborn adherence to principle—rather than in contemporary politics. However, Hoag is working hard and has a strong organization which is claiming a modest breakthrough in the traditionally Liberal ethnic constituency. What is more likely to happen on the evening of Aug. 27, as reporters and political groups gather to watch election results, they will hear good news from hundreds of the St. Lawrence River in the Quebec riding of Johanne. There is a by-election going on there, too—though largely ignored in English Canada—with Terry Rock Lusselle trying to make a comeback against strong local Liberal candidate Michel Desros, 48. Observers say the race will turn out to be a close one, in supposed to what is happening in Spadina, is an election. —STEVEN EILEY



Sadat and Rabin: hopes of reuniting Arab brethren in this process

Child with an uncertain future

Sadat urges Reagan to talk to the PLO

By Michael Posner

Among all the children of international relations, few are more difficult, more intractable than the Middle East peace process. Admittedly, the child is at an awkward age, caught in perpetual adolescence, when the character of the adult form can be guessed at but not inferred. But the fault is more than immaturity; for children invariably reflect the flaws of their parents. In this case, the Middle East peace process has clearly born the scars of incoherence, torn between the many nations who claim a stake in her breeding. The nations of the world talk endlessly of new solutions, agreeing upon nothing. Unable to satisfy those conflicting needs, the child's growth has been suspended.

And yet there have recently been signs that the views of various parties may be converging, however reluctantly. The most promising hint is the current rapprochement between Israel and the Palestinians in Lebanon. While no re-

sponsible Israeli official can say so publicly, the ceasefire constitutes an implicit recognition of the Palestine Liberation Organization (PLO). The same, of course, holds for the PLO, one can agree to stop shooting at the enemy only when one accepts the enemy's existence. Fragile though the truce may be, it is nonetheless the first agreement of any kind involving the PLO, and there is some hope that on this precedent a more durable peace can be erected.

In pursuit of this elusive goal, one of the Middle East's leading architects of peace, Egyptian President Anwar Sadat, travelled to Washington last week. It was his first encounter with the Reagan White House. Sadat is no easy wage a man after Reagan's own heart. He is the only Arab leader so far to endorse without reservation the administration's "strategic consensus," its vision of an Arab-Israeli-American alliance, forged to thwart Soviet subversion in the entire region. Sadat is a committed anti-terrorist, and, short of permitting U.S. military bases on Egyptian

Portents of hardship to come

Every night in the West Bank town of El Beke, Israeli troops knock and raid on the doors of Arab houses and order the men to do guard duty along the main road north from Jerusalem. The military administration explains that army vehicles have been stoned. The locals are being given a chance to restore order rather than undergo collective punishment. Since the Israeli often comes at 2 a.m., however, the distinction seems academic.

The 700,000 Palestinians living under Israeli occupation on the West Bank are banking more for harder times now than a local government, even more harrowing than before, is being hatched. There are other portents, less peace had, despite the appeal by the new, aggressive defense minister, Ariel Sharon, for "dialogue." Last month the co-ordination of the occupied territories, Maj.-Gen. Danny Matt, banned local Arab



Khafiz (below left), soldier on West Bank (top), and Rabin (below right) with Sharon, compulsory guard duty at 2 a.m.

territory, he is prepared to let the Pentagon use his facilities for staging whatever maneuvers might be required in an emergency.

Both sides made some impressive mileage from the Soviets-and-thermophiles theme, but it was not the dominant subject of discussion. Indeed as the Reagan administration familiarizes itself with the Arab world, one hears less and less about strategic consensus and more and more about the Arab-Israeli conflict. The state department has not covertly jettisoned the concept, surely discredited its previous intractability, it seems. Washington's attention is turning to the unresolvable child, the Middle East peace process. How to get negotiation for Palestinian autonomy in Gaza and on the West Bank started again and, more optimally, how to lure Jordan, Syria, Saudi Arabia and some representative of the Pal-



leaders from meeting PLO officials during troops ahead, identifying with the PLO cause or inviting against Israel in interviews and statements and from bringing in Arab funds for development projects channeled through the joint Jerusalem-PLO committee established for that purpose by the 1978 Rabin-Arafat Accord. Mayor Karim Khafiz of

Ramallah was summoned by the military last week after the East Jerusalem Arab daily *Al-Fajr* published an interview in which he hailed the PLO as the "sole legitimate representative of the Palestinian people" and attacked the administration. He was freed on \$1,000 bail after alleging that his views had been distorted. The army then called in the publisher and reporter.

The embargo on joint committee funds is especially damaging. Mayor Khafiz, who lost a foot in a car-bombing a year ago, explained, "Our own income is not enough to pay rents and salaries and clean the streets." And the less radical mayor of Bethlehem, Elias Freij, "If this door is closed, nearly all development projects on the West Bank

will be paralyzed. The Israelis don't have enough money for their own municipalities, let alone ours."

The new hard line, following a year in which the army had already broken the back of organized political resistance, suggests a bleak prospect for the Palestinian autonomy talks with Egypt. Prime Minister Menachem Begin repeats at every opportunity that the ancient hostility will never be divided again. The policy guidelines for his new coalition stipulate that Israel will strive to annex the West Bank and Gaza after the five-year autonomy period managed in the Camp David agreement. So far it is only a declaration of intent, the first in any official document, but it will hardly help.

—ERIC SHAYLER



In 1802, Thomas Adams was a true craftsman. Today, his inspiration is reflected in the remarkable smoothness of Adams Double Distilled Rye Whisky.

charged. As Secretary of State Alexander Haig emphatically put it last week: "The conditions [for RLO recognition] are very clear and understood. The RLO is well aware of that. But essentially, it is not unacceptable that so-called 'back-channel' communications with the RLO have already begun, perhaps under the discreet sponsorship of Riyadh. Saudi officials are in place for the Saudis, for their help in arranging the ceasefire. In fact, for Saudi leverage on the RLO there would have been no trace."

There is, then, a degree of momentum. Outside of the Camp David accord, which they repudiate, the Saudis and the Palestinians have been persuaded to bargain for peace. The next step, presumably, will be resumption of the autonomy talks, with Palestinian (but not RLO) involvement. That development is still some months away. The Saudi scenario must first be concurred with. Meanwhile, Begin, who is due in Washington in September, with Jordan's King Hussein's due in October, will visit Saudi Arabia's Crown Prince Fahd (in November). Only then, and only if there is common ground, will fresh negotiations emerge. □

But the flowers may not last

In a Western city the demonstration might have ended with cracked skulls. But when members of Poland's Solidarity union protesting chronic food shortages, seized up central Warsaw with more than 200 buses, trucks and streetcars last week after police blocked their route to Communist party headquarters, flowers, red roses, were exchanged. For three days organizers kept the demonstrators at bay, peppered them with instructions from a streetcar serving as a command post. Another car was turned into an antiair, while two more served as a restaurant and picnic center. Union activists, cheered by thousands of onlookers, broke off anti-government speeches to pose blossoms and fruit on scarred police shields.

Yet the country's first grand street demonstration since the labor union began a year ago ended inconclusively, failing either to force the government to rescind its decision to reduce meat rations by 50 per cent and increase prices by up to 500 per cent or to meet its 10 million Solidarity demands, which included union control over the production and distribution of food. Even an announcement by the French government that it would immediately dispatch 250,000 tonnes of wheat, other foodstuffs and medical supplies did lit-

Iran Another 'Satan' to be scourged

Ambassador Guy Georgey and the 11 other French passengers had to be released outside and were hurried to the departure gate when the ominous announcement boomed over loudspeakers at Tehran's Mehrabad airport: they would not be allowed to leave on the Air France 747, sent expressly to rescue them from the revolutionary street mob's wrath, after all. As they watched the plane head back to Paris, Iranian police began rifling their luggage and demanding if they had paid their back rent. When Georgey protested that such behavior was against all international rules, one Iranian official shot back at him: "Your rules are not our rules."

That apparent philosophical conversion of the Islamic Republic was all too evident to the 60-year-old ambassador, who had arrived in Tehran during the U.S. hostage crisis and who, only the

night before, had been assured by the Iranian foreign ministry that the departure of the French colony would proceed without a hitch. At week's end, 210 French diplomats and technicians slated to leave were still in Tehran, awaiting two Iran Air scheduled flights this week. The delay was made no easier to bear by a warning from Ayatollah Khomeini of Qom, at Sabashah prayers, that if France continued to refuse the extradition of former president Abdolhassan Bani-Sadr, the Franco-Iranian crisis would fast come to resemble that of the American hostages.

Considering the efforts made to establish Tehran, that seemed like blackmail. Bani-Sadr was arrested repeatedly last week that he was barred from making political statements and was persuaded to move from the Paris suburb to a village outside the capital. French President Francois Mitterrand, meanwhile, sent a cheery cable of congratulations to Bani-Sadr's successor, President Mohammad Ali Rajai, on his swearing in, and reversed an embargo on the delivery of three fast-attack patrol boats armed with U.S.-built Harpoon surface-to-surface missiles.

Neither of those acts of goodwill,



Guy Georgey (center) leads press conference

however, applied a brake to the Franco-phobia that had begun to rumble through the revolutionary mobs with the outbreak of the Iran-Iraq war, when France made no secret of helping arms to the Iraqis, their second largest oil supplier. Last spring, when Paris delivered the first four of 60 Mirage F-1 jet fighter-bombers to Baghdad, the public media started firing. And last week, as mobs repeatedly demonstrated outside the Tehran embassy against the granting of asylum to Bani-Sadr, France found itself lambasted in giant street posters as THE AGGRESSIVE SATAN—named only as "the Great Satan" (the United States)—while Radio Tehran broke the news that the Charles de Gaulle aircraft carrier had been hastily re-baptized in Paris, Qom d'Orsay officials admitted privately that they would not be displeased if—like the Shah—Bani-Sadr found it more convenient to move on. Nevertheless, as one Paris employee worriedly noted, even the Shah's departure from the United States could take time for the hostages.

—MARC McDONALD

Lebanon

In memory of Munich?

SOME six months ago the Palestine Liberation Organization issued a three-part warning: The Israelis, it said, were planning a major military assault on south Lebanon, the first strike in years against the city of Beirut and a series of massacres of high-ranking PLO figures. By the beginning of the month, the first two predictions had been fulfilled. And last week, a tall, stooping PLO veteran named Mohammed Odeh lay gravely wounded in a Warsaw hospital with bullet wounds in his mouth, chest and stomach, possibly a victim of a plot to assassinate him, if not a part of the strategy of the third.

Odeh, nicknamed Abu Daud, had for years been on the hit list of the Mossad, Israel's external intelligence service. And while Israeli responsibility for Daud's shooting was officially denied by Prime Minister Menachem Begin's press adviser, Uri Porath, there was strong evidence to the contrary: the professionalism of the attack—the lone assassin pumped five bullets into Daud, one struck from the bottom of the Victoria Hotel in a waiting getaway car—and the fact that Daud was one of the moderate PLO diplomats who have been the target of other Palestinian factions.

In all probability the Warsaw hit marked a re-evaluation, and perhaps the conclusion, of a vendetta launched by former prime minister Golda Meir after the murder of 11 Israeli athletes at the 1972 Munich Olympics by a Palestinian terrorist group known as Black September. Daud's shooting was officially denied, but immediately authorized the formation by Mossad of a squad

Daud: death marks of a Mossad hit



whose aim was the assassination of Black September's leaders. Within weeks, only two men on the list were left. Abu Daud, said by Israel to be the principal organizer of the kidnapping of the athletes, and the elusive Abu Hassan Salameh, the Palestine Liberation Army's chief of intelligence. But then Mossad executed a blunder that set their crusade back several years: a hastily assembled hit-squad, some of them port-troops, killed an Algerian waiter in mistake for Salameh in the Newmarket town of Lillhammer. Part of the squad was jailed and the world was given an even more embarrassing glimpse into the agency's methods. That was in 1973. It was six years before Mossad agents finally blew up Salameh in a Beirut suburb, after entering Lebanon on false Australian passports and setting an apartment opposite his home.

Abu Daud himself has been close to death before. In 1973, Jordan's King Hussein commiserated his death sentence five minutes before it was due to be carried out. Four years later he was captured in France but deported to Algeria as a result of Arab pressure. In an interview then he said he accepted that he was a marked man but was "ready to die for my cause." He denied that he was involved in any way at Munich. "I am a revolutionary, I intend to be a terrorist," he said. —IAN MATTHEW

With film from Elaine Greig in Beirut.

South Africa

Signs of strain in the dam

By night they camp in a muddy, open field, sheltered from Cape Town's rain and winter winds only by blankets, open fires and, in a few lucky cases, parked cars. By day they are bused one by one to court, changed with haste in the area already and ordered back to wherever they came from. In days past, most would have gone. But this time, in a kind of wretched "poorville" campaign against the government's "pass" laws aimed at keeping rural blacks from white-controlled urban areas, most return to their barren field. Since mid-July an estimated 1,500 such squatters have been arrested. Hundreds are still in jail.

The squatters' plight has been spotlighted in English-language newspapers, which in July years from this small white opposition created Prime Minister P. W. Botha's statement last week that his ruling National Party had done



Warsaw protest: blossoms and fruit

lie in case reason. "We cannot get what we want," explained Solidarity official Andrzej Sikorski. On the other side, the government accused the unions of acting in bad faith.

In response to the breakdown, nearly one million coal miners and industrial workers in southern Poland staged a four-hour wildcat Friday and other strikes were announced in such other cities. The government, however, for its part, postponed a session of the

Communist party's central committee, due Saturday, until Tuesday while they discussed ways of dealing with the strikes.

At week's end it was clear that the uneasy relations that had prevailed as the revolution might not survive further government delays in resolving Poland's desperate food issue. As Solidarity boss Lech Walenski told top government negotiator Nowogrodzki Kukurudski: "We are the masters of the situation now, but in a week or two the lid would fly out of our hands." —PETER LEWIS

a lot to "maintain family and community life" in South Africa. Botha was replying to charges by Opposition leader Frederik van Zyl Slabbert that he was vacillating when South Africa needed reform. The Nationalists, said Slabbert, were like "little boys playing marbles in front of a cracked dam." Indeed, ever since last April's elections, when a white right-wing backlash against Botha's proposed changes in the apartheid system won almost 60,000 votes, it has been back to basics.

Botha, who once told South Africans they must accept to the racial realities



"or die," last week told parliament he "did not accept a common voters' roll for whites, Indians and coloured (persons of mixed race) nor" under the present circumstances "whether there were" except them in the all-white legislature. As for the country's 16 million blacks, they would have to exercise their political rights in the homelands. Earlier, as if to set the tone for Botha's hard line, black affairs minister Pieter Koroibak announced that a committee had been set up to investigate "moulding out" of all whites by blacks in urban areas.

The statements seemed sure to make it harder for South Africa's apartheid, where, particularly in New Zealand, where at week's end demonstrators had forced the cancellation of a second match by the touring South African rugby team, the Springboks, and were threatening two more. And back home the signs were no more favorable. In the town of East London, a bomb, believed to have been placed by guerrillas of the banned African National Congress, exploded in a busy shopping centre. Certainly the dawn wall of white minority rule is not about to be sent crashing by such incidents—only one person was injured. But, as Slabbert says, a crack is definitely visible. —CAROLE MURPHY

U.S.A.

Clipped wings

Reagan out-maneuvres the air controllers

"This is notice that I intend to remove you from your position of Air Traffic Control Specialist." "With that term preface, the U.S. government last week started issuing pink slips to some 12,000 striking members of the Professional Air Traffic Controllers Organization (PATCO). The walkout, in violation of a federal law prohibiting public service strikes, set off a bitter week-long fusillade of charges and countercharges, disrupted the nation's airfares and seemed likely to create major changes in the industry.

In its first major confrontation with organized labor, the Reagan administration was anguished. When PATCO on July 31 gave the transportation secretary just 12 hours to draft a new governance wage agreement, his department stood firm. And when the walkout began, the president promptly issued his own ultimatum: strikers had 48 hours to return to work or be terminated. Most refused.

Indeed, from the government's point of view, the strike was effectively over by week's end. Superheroes and military controllers were assigned to run the traffic routes. Air traffic was running at about 80 per cent of normal volume. Preliminary plans were being laid to double or triple the number of graduates of the Federal Aviation Administration's training academy in Okla. City. Concluded Transportation Secretary Drew Lewis: "It's a disaster."

Airline backed up at LaGuardia airport in New York; arrested controller support



strike situation. Our concern is rebuilding the system." The union was no less defiant. "We aren't going back to work—period," declared its rebellion president, Robert Patti. PATCO apparently believed that the longer the strike lasted, the greater would pressures be in the nation's air traffic control towers.

In fact, most major airports were functioning smoothly, although the airlines reported losses of millions of dollars daily in empty seats. More crucially, perhaps, the union seemed to have lost the moral war, the average controller's salary is already \$33,000 (U.S.) annually and PATCO was seeking nearly \$5,000 a year above the government's final offer, which the union leadership had previously accepted. Lewis offered to negotiate wages, hours and retirement benefits if the strikers went back to work. Patti declined.

Even among unions that might have been expected to support the strike, less than effective measures



were taken. In Ottawa, an official of the Canadian Air Traffic Control Association announced the union's intention to demonstrate outside the U.S. Embassy and at U.S. consulates across the country in a show of support for its American counterparts. And in response to a request by the Geneva-based International Federation of Air Traffic Controllers Associations, many European controllers restricted their operations. French controllers voted to stop handling U.S. flights altogether, while others were sending U.S. flights to the mid-Atlantic but to further. In Britain, controllers announced they would meet this week to discuss possible action. But these gestures, as well as warnings to pilots that U.S. skies were unsafe, may have been too late to help PATCO.

With PATCO's defeat seemingly assured, industry analysts were beginning to tally the consequences. Fewer flights would be scheduled, allowing airlines to eliminate unprofitable routes and to ground smaller, less energy-efficient planes. With more demand for fewer spaces, air fares would climb and there would be less competition—just the reverse of what was intended by airline deregulation. As for PATCO, it faces hearings this week that could lead to declassification that would be the first time in labor history that a public union had been deprived of its representation rights. —MICHAEL POSNER

A home where the choppers roam

When Bushfield and Rainbow take their morning ride in California's usually tranquil Santa Ynez Mountains, high above the blue Pacific, everything within a 30-mile radius knows it. The hills come alive with the sound of choppers, harrying over the rim like a voice out of Apocalyptic New Screen Service jets pour the remote, towering rocks. A million dollars worth of sophisticated security and communications equipment towers and beams.

For the first month, it will be a daily happening. Bushfield (Secret Service code name for President Ronald Reagan) and Rainbow (wife Nancy) are home on the range for a four-week restorative brother after the rigors of \$30-billion budget battles with Congress and royal weddings. Last week America's most powerful executive gave quite Dwight D. Eisenhower began what will be the longest presidential absence from Washington since his day, 35 years ago. Reagan's magnificent \$1.6-billion GYO-acre spread above Santa Barbara has become the new western White House, much as Reagan dislikes that title (shades of a Nixon and Son Clements). The president



'Rainbow' and 'Rainbow' at their not-so-quiet ranch and arriving at naval air station on naval tugs and barge

is now on his fourth visit since his election eight months ago and says he plans to return as often as duty allows to his beloved Rancho del Cielo. However, with much of the nation's business being conducted from the ranch's nearest adobe fire-rum, ranch-house-in-the-sky, the range has gotten a shade moved. Six new temporary buildings have gone up to house some 50 White House staff, Pentagon brass, Reagan's personal physician and communications personnel. Pines have been, electronic sensors have been implanted in the ground, Vintonville, to ward off intruders. An area over the ranch has been closed for 16 miles to a height of 1,000 meters. From a new copper pad, people and papers are shuffled to and from nearby Point Mugu Naval Air Station, where a government jet waits to carry them to Washington.

Most residents of the wild, remote area, seen, resigned to the hubbub of men and machines, each presidential visit brings life in California at large, there's a growing Route-day-at-home movement. So benefits from the presidency are arriving. Buses, freeways and new national park plans have been worked by Reagan's park-enthusiasts, and Gov. Jerry Brown is leading a costly legal battle to stop the administration's schemes to open 50 million off-white acre tool drilling. So Californians even get to see their congressmen, and the press. Chief complaint, that Reagan, one of whose first acts was to cut back travel for federal workers, is making those trips to his tax-haven ranch at taxpayer's expense. (Thanks to a loophole that allows "as private Shanghae-Lee" to be graded as "agricultural preserve," Reagan paid only



\$500 in property taxes on it in 1986. Without the loophole, state appraisers say, the bill would be around \$42,000.)

Each round trip on Air Force One can cost more than \$50,000, making Reagan's California travels hell save last November \$400,000-plus. That's then, that's this ranch's jet shuttle to Washington and the massive security needed to protect No. 3333 Ranch Road. "Let him use Camp David when he gets the urge to chop wood," says one Santa Barbara resident. And a former neighbor in Pacific Palisades, where the Reagans' old home is up for sale, a snap at \$12 million, agrees. "We need a president who pretends what he preaches. Let him go commercial—even Noddy did that." No way, say respectable White House aides. "Camp David is all woods," explains one. "The president is a man who needs the wide open spaces. I don't believe the American people beg him that." —WILLIAM BOURKE



The Role as Lord Wedgwood's wife

Britain's Special Air Service command unit. "That's all says the average age of an actor is 32, so he thinks the producer will probably have as sitting around in white gloves as Chelsea pensioners."

Freed after five years of house arrest in Argentina, **Isabel Perón** looks understandably older than her 50 years. Hairless and simply dressed, she is currently displaying a self-portrait of dignified restraint on Spain's Costa del Sol. The sensitive dancer, who ruled Argentina for 20 months until being deposed by the military, passes her time quietly enjoying the sights near her rented villa in Puerto Real on the Mediterranean. Attended by 30 servants and a chauffeur-driven Mercedes, Perón nevertheless seems far from

PEOPLE

It took a bit of maneuvering not to let it be a jolly good show when, as part of its British Festival, Henry VIII and Sons premiere in Vancouver between a Rolls-Royce Silver Wraith II and had it set on the four Wedgwood coupes to demonstrate the bone china's durability. So attempts and more broken cups later, Wedgwood's "treacherous strength" was finally proved as the 1,200-kg car settled safely on the 4th cup. **Lord Perón**, Lord Wedgwood, the 50-year-old sixth-generation descendant of the company's founder who missed the royal wedding to supervise, was satisfied. "We must keep the name of Wedgwood as being rather special," he said. Informed that Royal Decree's escape withstood the weight of a double-decker bus after an undisclosed number of attempts, the moving ambassador could only smile. "They might well have for all I know, but I do believe we did it first."

"I have an affinity for being dull," says Second City's **Steve Thomas**, contradicting his natural ability for being funny. Thomas, head writer and co-star of SCTV Network 98, has, in fact, used his symphony talents to tickle audiences left in a convulsion after the episodes of *Saturday Night Live*. When not filming 30 in Edmonton, Thomas follows fellow comic Canadian south, where this fall he will be co-starring in a spy spoof he co-scripted with buddy **Burt Reynolds**. Defending the California comedy drama, Thomas maintains that engagement is not a question of automation but merely the brutal-and-better necessity of "those great non-alphabetic structures that grind out movies like ham sandwiches." A Canadian project may be in the works if funding can be found for *Great White*



Tight security surrounds Perón's arrival in Spain. How things have changed!

North. A feature starring **Shogun** and **Rob MacKenzie**, the two betrayed beer-drinking Canucks who, much to creator Thomas' surprise, have been chomping over in the palm-treeed San Bel.

Patrick Macnee, the once suave, bowler-hatted gent who made his name as crime fictioner John Steed in *The Avengers*, is fighting a serious problem so he can return to his old self in time for a new *Avenger* TV movie (can't former partner **Dave Rugg** is 1984). "For the past year I've been going about in mother husbands and smocks," he says. "It's just fortunate that my film roles—a lot, and psychiatrist in *The Highway* and the fat, cuckolded husband in *Del Turpin*—have fitted my physical condition." Currently appearing in *Shogun* at Winnipeg's Stage West Theatre, Macnee, 56, says he is missing a costarring role with his co-star **Daniel Neeve** in *Who Dares Wins*, about

golden days of a previous career with her husband, the *Madras* ballerina, that has since been reclaimed by the Argentine government. "I came to the coast 15 years ago with the general," she said last week. "How things have changed!"

"It is about this fellow who's a Clerk I know in the *Madras* ballerina, that has since been reclaimed by the Argentine government." "I came to the coast 15 years ago with the general," she said last week. "How things have changed!"

her first debut playing *Seneca* from *John the Baptist* in the 35-minute *Colpo* production *Arturo* *Yankee* says Walsh. "John comes to Newfoundland and lives his head over a girl—only not so literally this time."

Suspected to life imprisonment for her part in the 1988 slayings of actress **Suzanne Tia** and four others, **Murder** **family** **murderer** **Suzanne Atkins** (AKA **Sadie Mae Galt**) is now determined to start a family of her own. Security will be tight this month when the 35-year-old tries the last with Texas entrepreneur **Donald Lee** (1988) **Leanne Sr.** 32, at the California Institute for Women Studying that this romance is no flash in the pan. Leanne says: "It is true I've been married 38 times before, but I want you to know that this is the only time I've been in love." [ad]

\$2,000 announcement of an ANDER (OUELLET SALE)—ALL TOUGH in 1988. COT, prompted interested people to come in off the street and offer to help cover the cost of the newspaper ad, which went on to claim: "It is not a big discount but we didn't think Mr. Ouellet was worth any more." Says Lee: "I write our catalogue for a living. But in this case I had more respect than usual."

Regina-born folk-singer **Carole Kall** (AKA **Carole Kall**) gave up a theatre career three years ago to "sing my little heart out," has been doing just that in 15 music festivals from Vancouver to Ottawa this summer. Last week the 35-year-old trouper gave workshops and concerts in Lethbridge and Edmonton before leaving their aboard the Fort McMurray-bound *Second Annual*



Kall's festival circuit as a summer camp



Manson's girl Leslie Van Houten, Petric Krenwinkel and Atkins were seen in '71. Atkins is quoted 10 years later; Ouellet (below)—10 percent off

don't believe she's guilty. She never said she was." If ever freed, Atkins, a born-again Christian, plans to honeymoon in the Holy Land because, as the goddess explains, "She wants to walk where Christ walked."

Though a tentative postal strike settlement was reached last week, Postmaster-General **André Ouellet**'s bossiest statement: "I can't accept that businessmen have to rely on the post office to make a living. If they do, they better find other ways," was still causing heads of outrage. Hurried conversations in his office after the phones were ringing off the wall—with some callers so furious they couldn't even speak coherently. Editorials and businessmen clamored for Ouellet's dismissal while one Ottawa entrepreneur and the piffle to advantage. "Instead of firing, I took out an ad," says *Lowell Let* of *Lee Valley Tools Ltd.* Let's fall page



Folk Festival on Rail. Struggling away the miles in two antique passenger coaches for 40 captive fans appeared to Kallor: "I'll try anything else," she laughed, but "there's not much more in this." As soon as the men of the track, Kallor will fly to a three-day festival in Owen Sound, Ont. "It's kind of like summer camp," she says of the festival circuit. "You get to meet all the other singers, and they feed you."

Following the white who you know **Gutish** for *History* series, **Donna Gutish**, wife of Undersecretary of State for External Affairs **Allen Gutish**, has just finished *First Lady*. Last Lady, a satirical and revealing look at suburban politicians and their spouses, due to be published this fall. After 25 years of marriage to the Ottawa minister, Gutish says: "I've absorbed the media by osmosis, [but] everything I know is public knowledge. You just have to dig." They have children, seven, the 44-year-old **Leslie**, award-winning *Alma* plenty of time for research. "Alma works too hard," she says. "He travels a lot and I stay home like a lot of wives."

Twenty-four-year-old Toronto *Blue Jay* leader **Barry** **Dave Steh** is having what he understatedly calls "a busy week." He starts off in Cleveland as the first Jay to gain a repeat spot on the American League's all-star team—despite an ignominious performance in Los Angeles last year where he threw a record-setting two wild pitches in one inning. Following a game in Detroit, Steh touches down briefly in Toronto to wear "California girl" **Patricia Rose**, II, before taking off to play in Kansas City. Says the pitching groom: "We're just going over to the city to get it done." —EDITED BY BARBARA MATTHEWS



Conoco Chairman Ralph Bailey (left); Edgar Thompson: a worthy outcome

BUSINESS

Explosive chemistry

Seagram may hold key in Du Pont-Conoco merger

By Anthony Whittingham

There was something more than mere camaraderie at stake. The Montreal-based Seagram Company Ltd., world-famous for its film, had already suffered a mounting rebuff less than two months earlier in an ill-fated attempt to break into the U.S. take-over market with a bid for 30 Jee Minerals Co., the mining giant that occupied into the arms of a white knight. Knowing Seagram has a mixed reputation on Wall Street, where opinion is Canadian take-over is growing and anti-Stratton and disdain for the distilling industry are not unknown, Seagram Chairman Edgar Thompson must have anticipated similar opposition when Seagram made its own once surprising next move in May: a bid for Conoco Inc., of Stamford, Conn., north-harbor oil company, in the U.S. Still, it must have galloped Thompson and his financial advisers throughout the early days of the Conoco struggle, as first one, then a second, bigger and more powerful rival arrived on the bidding scene to make a grab for the same prize. What had started out as a potential bargain purchase by Seagram quickly escalated into the most complex and expensive take-over contest in corporate history. By the time it ended last week, after

nearly two months of bidding and counter-bidding between Seagram and its two giant U.S. rivals—B.F. du Pont & Nemours Co. (Du Pont), largest chemical company in the U.S., and Mobil Corp., the second-largest U.S. oil company—Conoco's 70,000 shareholders had seen their shares jump from less than \$36 to \$98, while lawyers and investment bankers advising the four companies valued in more than \$56 billion in fees.

The bizarre outcome of the Conoco war must have Seagram officials enjoying defeat. For although champagne toasts were being raised in the parlors of last Thursday at the elegant Hotel Du Pont in Wilmington, Del., as chemical company executives and Du Pont family members congratulated themselves on acquiring 55 per cent of Conoco for \$7.97 billion (U.S.) and thus "winning" the contest—it was in New York and Montreal offices of Seagram where the real gleaming was likely taking place. Du Pont may have won Conoco, but Seagram appears to have gained a controlling voice at Du Pont. By securing in the contest and structuring its share bid to offer quick cash instead of the richer—but more complex and time-consuming—bid by both Du Pont and Mobil, Seagram succeeded in capturing well over 30 per cent of

Conoco's shares. With this chunk of Conoco, Seagram in effect will likely own more than 30 per cent of the soon-to-be merged Du Pont-Conoco conglomerate, making it the largest single shareholder in what is to become the seventh-largest U.S. corporation—a share revealed only by the Du Pont family itself, whose holdings of just over 20 per cent are broken up among dozens of family trusts. In its own right, based on worldwide revenues, Seagram would rank far down the list of U.S. corporations if it were listed as a U.S. corporation—about 150th.

Reaction by Conoco to the Du Pont take-over has been favorable—not surprising considering Conoco directors always voted *pro* the Du Pont bid throughout the bidding. "The idea of merging with Du Pont always had appeal to me," Conoco Chairman Ralph Bailey said last week, "especially con-



pared to the alternative." This is the same Bailey who was forced to sit down with another Canadian—B.J. Robinson, president of Calgary's Duane Petroleum Ltd.—barely two months earlier and hand over Conoco's 55 per cent interest in Canadian-based Redwin's Ray Oil and Gas Co. Ltd., after Duane outmaneuvered Conoco in a separate bidding war which analysts believe was the beginning of the end for Conoco as an independent company. Banned by the Duane tactic, and undoubtedly fearful that Seagram may attempt a similar move, Bailey last week stressed that Conoco's other prized specialty—its substantial real operations—would not be sold to a separate bidder. Whether Conoco's new owners would consider trading the coal company for Seagram's shares as a way of getting rid of the Brockton refinery has not so far been stated. Seagram's latest yet indicated the price it wants to play in Du Pont's affairs, including representation on the board. The put-down on Wall Street during the Conoco bidding had it that oil and house dust mix. Now it may be a matter of whether chemicals fit well with ice in a glass. ☐

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PLUS YOUR SOUVENIR ALBUM FREE!

Back to the straw for the turkey

The snow, The Great Canadian Turkey Corp., topped an upstart mood when 83 farmers from British Columbia to Nova Scotia planted down a real \$500,000 to launch a nationwide chain of fast-food restaurants featuring a turkey theme. Six months later the venture has turned out to be a turkey with a different flavor. Wattles, the House of Turkey, located along the golden rule strip just inside Guelph in Southeastern Ontario, is being put up for sale this week and George Gony of Greenview, Ont., has departed from his executive vice-presidency post in the corporation. For farmers who invested in the first experiment, there is little left but bitter memories.

Gony, former president of the Ontario Turkey Producers Marketing Board, sold the concept on his long-standing ambition to make turkey more than Thanksgiving and Christmas eaters. The corporation, which planned to open several restaurants this year—including one in Quebec—was optimistic. The site, sandwiched between McDonald's and a Frank Watson's, seemed perfect and so did the timing: turkey is a burger at most corners and processing companies are running dozens of new products into supermarkets.

So what went wrong? "Mismanagement," says John Dekker, a turkey



Guelph restaurant: Not an experiment!

farmer from the Burlington area and the corporation's secretary Good food, generous portions, low prices and convenience—down to the crisp linen tablecloths—were a demonstrated cut above the competition. It also pushed the restaurant into the red.

Corporate goals might have been more clearly defined, suggests Glen Dolen of First Waterhouse Ltd., the Mississauga chartered accountant hired as a receiver and manager of the restaurant by the Bank of Montreal. The corporation's executive farmers, most of them doubling as leaders of the Canadian Turkey Marketing Agency—which has the power to set turkey production volumes—were torn between using the chain as an advertising and promotional vehicle or running it strictly as a profitable franchising venture. In the end, a dozen of the 83 farmers couldn't be persuaded to con-

sent another \$100,000 to the operation.

Wattles is not the only turkey of a restaurant in the farming community. In April, a so-called-down independent restaurant called Gibbles folded in nearby Cambridge, Ont. And the Ontario Pork Producers' Marketing Board has written off its own franchising idea and is concentrating on making its 160-seat Park Place in downtown Toronto a viable operation.

The real issue raised by these failures is whether farmers should stick to the soil or have a role in expanding markets for their commodities. Dekker is one who believes farmers should do more marketing: he has launched his own company to market dozens of new turkey products. "Some farmers don't deserve a marketing board," he says bitterly. "They don't give a damn what happens to their product once they sell it. When the truck leaves their farm, it could drive into the hole, for all they care."

—JIM KIRKMAN

Yankee dawdle

It was scarcely a decade ago that innovative and daring western designs, the American multinational corporations were best on dominating the world. Last week, however, U.S.-based *Fortune* magazine's Aug. 16 issue hit the stands with its list of the globe's Top 50 industrial corporations in 1988—U.S. companies were down to 28th place. Who would have guessed, however, that, in fact, the U.S. has slipped considerably since 1980. Then, its companies comprised 72 per cent of the Top 50, generating almost 60 per cent of the corporate elite's sales of about \$588 billion (U.S.). Only 28 U.S. companies are in the Top 50 with 53 per cent of the upper echelon's \$2.7 trillion in sales.

The reasons are threefold: state ownership of oil companies played the foreign oil monopolies on the list, including Mexican-owned Pemex. Secondly, productivity increases by Japan and West Germany in the 1970s outstripped U.S. productivity by as much as five to one, giving those countries more than 15 per

cent of the Top 50 sales. Finally, the U.S. auto giants failed to react as swiftly as the Europeans and Japanese to the oil crunch. GM and Ford topped Toyota and Fiat in sales last year, but lost water.

For those who still think the 90th century might belong to Canada, there's little comfort looking at Canada's Pacific Ltd. (No. 1 in Canada), with sales of \$5.5 billion, is not even on the Top 50 list, ranking 74th. It's about \$5 billion in sales behind Standard Oil of Ohio,

which holds the 90th spot. It's nowhere less a giant from 1980: when Alcan, then the top Canadian corporation, hovered around the 190 mark.

The American decline is industrial prowess may have contributed to the emergence of xenophobia. According to a recent *Wall Street Journal* article, the corporate world is looking favorably upon domestic take-overs as a means of beating off foreign rivals. The fear is, in another decade, the *Fortune* Top 50 might read like this: *Who's Who's*, but it is a foreign league.

—DAVID CHATLER AND DANIEL JOHNSON

Fortune's 50: Banking off foreign rivals

RANK	50	COMPANY	HEADQUARTERS	SALES (\$BIL.)	NET INCOME (\$BIL.)
1	1	Exxon	New York	121.124	9,850,086
2	2	Royal Dutch/Shell Group	The Hague/London	77.114	2,517,202
3	3	Wells	New York	58.543	3,072,200
4	4	General Motors	Detroit	57.728	500,000
5	7	Toyota	Japan	51.135	2,942,543
6	6	British Petroleum	London	48.039	2,127,071
7	8	Standard Oil of California	San Francisco	46.418	2,000,000,000
8	5	Ford Motor	Detroit	41.265	1,112,000
9	10	IBM	Armonk	39.7	1,012,000
10	9	Shell	London	39.7	1,012,000

SPORTS

The capital gains of labor

The baseball players' solidarity has encouraged pro sports' other associations



Athletes rousing the rioters (top, left in right) Parravano, Winfield, Johnson and Payton (below) the negotiators of one union affect all others

By Hal Quinn

In the summer of their discontent the major league baseball players demonstrated a solidarity during their 30-day strike which has served as an inspiration and model for the players' associations of North America's four other major professional leagues. In the opinion of Larry Fincher, general counsel of the National Basketball Association's Players' Association, "There could hardly be a more powerful example of the players' solidarity. They didn't think that players making \$600,000 would sacrifice their paychecks for the guys at the low end of the scale. They held together and won what they already had." What the baseball players had was free agency, the right to freedom of movement from one team to another. [A compromise on how teams losing players would be compensated ended the strike.] In the turbulent (in bar-management) days that have marked pro sports in the past decade, free agency has been the central issue, and so it remains. Few fans, players or owners are so naive as to think that the period of labor disputes and strikes in professional sport is over.

"It has evolved from the stage when players considered themselves employees of a business," says Ed Goldberg, president of the Canadian Football League Players' Association (CFLPA), "to the point that they realize that they



own the business." Because of the enormous stake taken by baseball player Curt Flood in 1974, which eventually led to free agency in 1976, professional athletes have shared the incredible riches that characterize sport today. Recently Magic Johnson of basketball's Los Angeles Lakers signed a 10-year contract for \$25 million. New York Yankee outfielder Dave Winfield has a 10-year, \$25-million contract. NFL football's Walter Payton of the Chicago Bears now makes \$90,000 per year; Montreal Alouette Vance Parravano, \$800,000, golfer Ray Floyd, \$274,000 in seven months. But as the baseball players' 1988 strike shows, even at last week, their brothers in hockey and

U.S. football needed for new negotiations, basketball and Canadian Football League players opted potential cable and pay-TV revenues, and North American Soccer League (NASL) players waited for league TV income to exceed \$500,000, which would reopen their contract with team owners.

The threat of a strike is most imminent in the National Football League, whose five-year basic agreement expires next July. The "50s" of the "30s" is again in that team share all revenue—TV (about \$5 million per team), gate receipts (50 per cent for the home team) and playoff money—equally.

"The Super Bowl champion makes as much as the last-place team," says Frank Winfield, director of public relations for the NFL Players Association (NFLPA). Of the 28 free agents, NFL players receive the smallest piece of the pie, approximately 16 per cent of gross revenue, compared to baseball's 32 per cent. Their average salary is also the lowest—\$76,827—behind basketball's \$186,808. Baseball's \$143,356 and hockey's \$118,008. Because of the NFL's "salary cap" of sharing, Winfield says, "We are not interested in free agency. We are going after 50 per cent of gross revenues, which would include cable and pay-TV, and a wage scale based on years of service."

When the NFL Players Association (NFLPA) agreement with owners expires at the end of the 1991-92 season,

free agency will be the major issue. "Right now a good player, like Dean Pelton, could never move to Edmonton because they would be afraid of losing Wayne Gretzky as compensation," says Allan Eagleson, executive director of the NHLPA. "We would prefer total free agency without draft compensation." The NHLPA has a history of noncompromise, but it won't, as Eagleson says, let "seven teams lose \$2 million or more last year, seven lost from \$200,000 to \$1 million and seven made money."

The National Basketball Association players reached an agreement with owners in 1993 after a bitter court battle. That pact calls for "first refusal" free agency, the team having first chance to match a salary offered to a free agent. That aspect cannot be "discussed or negotiated until 1997," says Larry Fisher. "But pay-TV and cable are not part of the agreement. All economic issues will be renegotiated at the end of this season."

"What happens in negotiations of one sports union leads to affect what happens in all others," says John Kerr, staff director of the North American Soccer League Players Association (NASPLA), and the biggest arrangement came in the NHL, but at the cost of a four-year salary cap installed in December, 1989. During the dispute, the fledgling NASPLA, fighting for its life, received full support at the NHLPA pact approximately \$200,000. "We have a wonderful situation, total free agency," says Kerr. "Players sign for a one-year lease and two options years. If the option isn't taken at the end of the third-year, the player is totally free." Other major victories won by the NASPLA and joined by the other associations are the right to do expense on a player's contract, ruled under by the association, arbitration for grievances against clubs or the commissioner, disciplinary fines based on player's salary, access to club accounts after a National Labor Relations Board ruling the league assuming players' salaries if a franchise folds.

With a keen eye on the future, Kerr says, "There is a lot of cross-ownership [federations owning franchises in different sports] and now the associations are in negotiating because we are negotiating with the same people. We are affiliated with the CRPA and NFLPA. In attempting to form a federation, we have yet to get positive responses from hockey, basketball or basketball."

Just as it appears inevitable that labor organizations will continue to dominate the sports pages, so too does the cementing of such a federation. And there is more to come. "Just down the road, of course," says Kerr, "in the formation of women's soccer and women's basketball players' associations." ☐

Re-proving a point

Perhaps it started in November of 1948 when coach Les Lear led his Calgary Stampeder over the Ottawa Rough Riders to the Grey Cup and Stampeder fans rampaged through Toronto hotel lobbies on homebase. Since then it has been the opinion of many western fans (where the Canadian Football League is taken seriously) and of those in the East who still care that Canadian football as played in the West is superior to the high-school version in the East. This season, in a move to generate interest in stadiums and on TV, the league adopted a fully interlocking schedule (the two divisions have played partially interlocking seasons since 1961). This season, on Oct. 26th, the first round of the playoffs, the two divisions will meet in what remains of the debate.

In the first 11 East-West games this season, the West won 10, outscoring its easterners 364-135, on an average of approximately 28-14 in each game. The Edmonton Eskimos, winners of the last three Grey Cups, have outscored their down-east opponents 125-43 in three games, the undefeated H.C. Lions 111-64 in three. All five teams in the West had winning records over-all while only one eastern team had one.

Prior to the season, in 20 years of play, the East had won 740 games to the West's 130 (17 games were tied), outscored the West 8,232-6115, and won 11 of the Grey Cups. But in the past five years the West won 25 of 300 games (with five ties) and three of five Grey Cups. With 29 interlocking games remaining, westerners will have little motivation to retail their East loss to prove it 25 years ago.

ated with Toronto's up-lake rivals for 31 years. Hayman said, "I have every confidence in the world that Ralph will do a better job than I did." Though Hayman coached a record five Grey Cup winners during his 26-year career, the Argos have been the winning club of the league since they lost the championship in 1963.

The real reason (and the Argos had lost six in six games) shocked even Hamilton owner Harold Ballard, who learned of Raab's departure only hours before it became official. Most league executives and angry Hamilton fans share Ballard's opinion. "I'm losing the smartest football executive in Canada," And eastern-leaning Toronto fans shared the surprise expressed by Montreal Alouettes general manager Bob Geary who said, "Finally they've got themselves a football star."

A helmsman after all these years

It came as a shock to the cognoscenti of the Canadian Football League but especially to followers of the names of the Toronto Argonauts and Hamilton Tiger-Cats: When Les Hayman, 76, president of the Argos, announced he was retiring at the end of this year and seeking a successor, speculators tipped Edmonton coach Hugh Campbell and Winnipeg general manager Earl Landford as prime candidates. But no one suspected that last Thursday Hayman would sign to a 30-year contract for a reported \$600,000. Ralph Raab, 58, Hamilton's vice-general manager and general manager, a man asso-

ciated with Toronto's Argonauts. "Finally they've got themselves a football star!"



By Ron Fournier



Roynewsky Zan fishing in B.C. The silversides are drunched blood-red with salmon berries.

OUTDOORS

Fish are jumpin'

Fishing is a sport that is in the blood, not in the mind

By Ray MacGregor

No mysteries here. This boat is not under control, but in control there is nothing Bob Smith does not know about the waters ahead of Markham Island, yet this is his first time ever on Sturgeon Lake. The water temperature is precisely 63.5°F, a switch beneath the steering column tells him that. The depth here is six feet, no more, so he, and the stern sonar, wonder if he double-checked against the independent readout in the low (lunar) cockpit. If he thought it necessary, check the water with a pit meter to determine if it is in the right alkaline condition for (polar), or he could use his special device to see if the light penetration is to that species' liking. But it's not necessary: the graph paper readout over the instrument panel shows some of the nervous eyebrows that mean the sonar has detected any fish. No mysteries here. No one ever

lashed pushes the throttle forward and the boat runs slowly, plowing, then, like a slingshot, the 100-horsepower outboard throws it into a hyperspace plane along the fingertips of light waves. At 100 km/h it is impossible to look anywhere but straight ahead, winning. To the side rolls the early green of Ontario's Kawartha hills, above, high cirrus clouds hang above before the sun; but in the boat below there only the speeding tunnel toward tomorrow, the North-north Canada-U.S. Walleye Tournament in which he's in, in partnership with his brother, Wayne, is entered as Canada's first professional sports fisherman. The boat heels so toward the rented cottage where a fishing magazine has fallen open that an article entitled HOW TO CATCH TROTTER WALLEYES last night, Larry fell asleep reading it, after work as much as escape, and when he moved from the pressed dream to his usual dreams, the only difference was that he no longer had to turn the pages.

"He would dream that the sonar was nearly gone and he hadn't been fishing," Ernest Henningway wrote. "It made him feel sick in the dream, as though he had been in pain." And so, with a battered knee sore thick along a secluded cove of the Madawaska River, Ottawa businessman Doug Spitt found himself at midweek taking his evening consulting business take care of itself. Here there were no calls, no traffic, not even another person, only the quickening heartbeat of a drowning partridge, a muffled anxiety about her nest, the soft hush of a puddle in clear water. He fished in the black water of the shadowed south side, a hook, a worm and some bait, the world slipping away with every cast. "If you're too busy to go fishing," old Pete McElroy once wrote in his Toronto Telegram outdoors column, "you're too busy." By day's end there wasn't even a fish worth keeping, but Spitt would be the last to say he had left empty-handed.



Bob and Wayne team in \$10,000 boat (top). Sport on the Mads makes the quickening heartbeat of a drumming partridge.

There are no longer catches such as that recorded by Napiwagan Gannan on Quebec's Godbout River on July 8, 1978, when, fish-riding alone, he landed 35 salmon with a net weight of 286 kg. Even so, this year some six million Canadians will go fishing. They will be joined by more than a million foreign-born Japanese, West Germans, and mostly Americans, ranging from former Boston Red Sox great Ted Williams, who owns his own lodge on New Brunswick's legendary Miramichi River, to the guided 171 jetfishers flying nonstop from Minneapolis, N.M., to Great Slave Lake in the Northwest Territories. Whether it's by the steadily decreasing number of boats using, or by the Space Invaders technology of a Bob Imani, some 200 million Canadian fish will be caught. There will be black-and-white snapshots of children's first smelt and full-color blowups of half-size black trout. And more than anything else, there will be fun.

Bob River J Smith will make the cool waters of Burger Bar on the St.



John River, near Fredericton, a spot that he angers "may be one of the best salmon pools in the whole world," and which has become so incredibly popular that a shore spot has to be posted to ensure proper etiquette is observed by the crowded boats flying up to fish down through the pool. Such activity would hardly be to the liking of Sunde Lake, an assistant buyer for a Winnipeg sporting goods chain, who likes the isolation of northern Manitoba lakes so well that he even has his own half-ton and sleeping cot. "Sometimes I fish alone, but I never feel lonely," she says.

"Sometimes getting away alone is the best way of getting your head together after work." For Imani, the reward of a good day is a meal of lake trout, as fresh from the lake as the pan.

But maintenance for the stomach has nothing to do with the type of angling sought. In Elmer Reymond's, a zoology professor at Simon Fraser University in Burnaby, B.C. By studying and releasing nine-hundred steelhead on British Columbia's Thompson River, he feeds his head through what he calls "ten fishing." Reymond even writes poetry to his life experiences. *A line for the Island*, throwing with the expectation of *rebirth*. The *Islands* are directed blood-red with intense berries.

Fishing is a recreation so taken for granted that it is difficult to grasp its immensity and increasing popularity. It involves fully a quarter of the population and an annual economy in the neighborhood of \$1 billion. With money as tight as some leisure activities, racket sports, for example, have seen sales fall by as much as 30 per cent, it is remarkable to note that boat sales in 1993 are booming, and fishing tackle sales are approaching an annual \$200-million level.

Yet such popularity requires no explanation for Montreal's Dave Delisle. When he arrived one recent weekday at 5 a.m. to try his luck along Rivière des Prairies, he found 35 fishermen had risen even earlier. The following Sunday, this time after dark on the Miles Lake River, Delisle lost a beauty. "I had it, but there were 25 people below me, so no way my line ended up wrapped around 25 pairs of legs."

Such crowds make when compared to what the mouth of Lake Ontario's Credit River will be like in September, when the salmon begin their fall run, or what it can sometimes be like in B.C.'s Georgia Strait, where a recent survey discovered there are 76,000 pleasure boats, most of them bought and used specifically for recreational fishing. For those who prefer not to fish from crowded telephone-booth-size boats, there is, of course, escape. But it costs. To be one of the 143 or so taking the 100 Lord Selkirk II from Selkirk, Man., to Bern's River for five days of exotic (poker!) fishing runs \$940, and that doesn't even include small boat or bar costs. Weathering alone can be as in Harry Connolly's lodge at Mingan on Quebec's North Shore where, for around \$225 a day, Harry will even play the honky-tonk piano during the evening cocktails. There's Bannock Lodge on Great Bear Lake where, for \$1,265 a week, one can challenge for the lodge's enviable trophy records (a 39-kg lake trout and 23-kg Arctic char, among them) and enjoy

Careik too and freshly downed ice cream at night. Anyone wanting to join the 140 West Germans coming this summer to Rod's Lakeside Cottages on Ontario's Lake of the Woods is out of luck, though. Owner Al Windner has been booked solid since April.

For some, the distance is not an excuse but is, in fact, a reason going to what Henryk says is "the old feeling" that fishing brings as in a person. Others, such as Canada's late and renowned fishing authority Roderick Hargreaves (see box, page 49), go because, in there, rivers forever remain "places of enchantment." But may be best put just by a famous writer but in a typical Canadian angler, Fredericton boatwife Sheila Reed, who can often be found at the Burger Bar as dawn firsts off the last rivets of a warm summer's night. "It's a beautiful way to start the day off," she says. "There's no telephone—and no kids screaming for peanut butter."

At the Boleyns, Ont., casting risk 250 men sit down to the valley tournament dinner. Thanks to baseball hats and shallow breaths, they imagine themselves athletes of the first order, filling the air with hyperventilator and their bodies with beer. Bob and Wayne Imani wisely decide to make an early night of it, knowing that 6:30 a.m., and the official start, will seem serene and some of their opponents will need to be helped into their boats. The Imanis will use this time to sleep and to make some final decisions on what to fish, not bait, which is forbidden, but tackle. It is not a light decision. Bob Imani has a half-dozen rods with him and a minimum ten intricate lures. And this is already after a great deal of decision. Back home in Blenheim, Ont., there are another 30 rods and perhaps 20,000 lures.

Fishing has, until recently, been far more traditional than recreational. Chaslin Arlin noted as far back as 1906 B.C. that his artificial flies worked best along the current edges, and Frank Walton, when he published his landmark *The Complete Angler* in 1982, was still concerned with the same baits. But today even Bob Imani could be said to be neither restrained in his approach to fishing. He does not use a citizen's-band radio, as some do, he has no senior video monitor capable of interfacing with a cassette tape recorder for persistent records of lake bottoms, as many do, he does not use a sophisticated trailing gear, a hand-held digital depth finder or even invest his money in a mystical so-called 100-year-old gypsy device to wash over his lure. Nor is his boat equipped with downriggers, distasteful contraptions which, by using heavy lead weights and trip levers, allow fisher-

men to get their light lure and lures down into the deep holes where, legend has always held, the true lunkers hole. Naturally, many of the more traditional-based anglers are outraged by this trend. "Trout fishing is an art," says George Boddington, a ministerial aide to the Ontario government, who treasures his quiet fly-fishing on the Beaver River. "It used to be, anyone. Call me a snob, if you want, but fishing is getting like downhill skiing. They've got downriggers, electric mils, lures that look like fish, smell like fish and, for all I know, taste like fish. I'm waiting for the

new micro-chip lure that can say 10,000 variations of the salmon song. When they make fishing high-tech it's just not the same anymore."

"It's all fishing," counters Bob Imani. "It's the golf. Some do it to relax, some have to compete. But the guy in the rowboat benefits from our type of fishing. We're finding out things and passing them on—new lures, new techniques, new knowledge about fish. And look, we don't even keep what we catch."

That fishing has been revolutionized by this new Age Wars arsenal of gear has been with one purpose in mind: the



BRADOR TAKE THE TIME

growth of competitive fishing. "I was out the other day with a gas and he wanted to win so badly I could use it on him," says Bob Braun. "He wasn't even in a tournament, just fishing. A lot of people would hate that, I know. But I loved it. It was naps."

These electronic devices—called "live fishing" by detractors—show up first at the fishing derby where, while not yet to the main stage of the United States, are becoming increasingly common in Canada. Some American professionals are used to make upward of \$300,000 a year in winnings and endorsements. The live fish derby, which is held at night—but a winner in Canada, one of the Bobcopten walleye tournaments, could expect to take home up to \$7,000 in cash and prizes. However, the delight Bob Braun and the major manufacturers feel is not financially shared. "At best," Haag-Brown said of

the derbies "they are a perversion of the real nature of the sport, at worst they can be seriously damaging to the resource itself."

In light of this, some derbies have moved into "catch-and-release" rules. At Bobcopten for example anglers received a \$7 grant bonus for all fish successfully released after night-time July 15th per cent of the hundreds of fish caught were returned to the water virtually unharmed. Many of the anglers there shared Wayne Braun's simple philosophy: "Once you catch them, you can't catch them again."

Even fishermen not bound by the rules have made their own decision to fish with grace. Dave DeGlen of Montreal lets his best catches go free after a quick photograph. "Fishermen who kill

their limit every day are looked down on," says Elmer Bonkowski, the B.C. Sea Fisheries.

There has been some effort to legislate live fishing, but it has not always been successful. Fly fishing only is the law for salmon in Nova Scotia, and Manitoba has had a GO HARBOR program for the past three years, aimed at getting anglers to use less-damaging lures. In Ontario, however, an effort this spring to ban downriver use in a small area of eastern Ontario where lake trout were being over-fished was vigorously protested by fishermen who feared the law might spread to the larger lakes, and might eventually include a ban on some fish species. The government, unable to provide statistics to back its arguments, backed down.



Haag-Brown: "vegetable as literature"

dropped from the lists this spring. The Western Angler, which he co-edited for 12 years as a self-taught ichthyologist, made his reputation.

Haag-Brown first learned to fish in the trout streams of Dorset and at 18 published his first piece in *Fishing Gazette*. Two years later, he travelled to the winds of Washington state and later to B.C., where he caught salmon for a living. After a brief return to England, he came back to Canada, married a biologist, clerk, Ann Kiewra, and settled down as the assistant of Vancouver Island where the outdoor fishing was superb. There he raised five children, accepted a wartime job as a local magistrate, later a geologist and became chairman of the University of Victoria. And he wrote *Fishermen's Stories* warned about ROT spraying.

Fishermen's Stories introduced South American anglers to the world, St. John's Salmon was a Governor General's Award for juvenile fiction

The books have kept coming since his death five years ago. His eldest daughter, Valerie, has edited a children's book (*Alison's Fishing Diary*), a volume of short stories about B.C. (Hounds and Bites), another of fishing essays (*The Master and His Fish*) and is working on the third and last of the series B.C.'s *Colophon Books* reissues *The Joyner of Fly-Fishing* in the fall, and William Collins *Sea & Co. Canada Ltd.* has released the first issue of 30 of his classics in paperback.

A month before he died, Rodrick Haag-Brown finished *Bright Waters*, *Bright Fish*. It's a history of Canadian fishing, a picture: scenic fishing derbies, fishermen's clubs and industrial polluters, and a poem to the pleasure of his sport. In it he talks of taking up skin diving in his 60s. Worried that he might be bothering the fish, he used to reassure them about many times. "But, I belong here as much as you do. I have done my best to understand. I have tried to help. I have earned a place."

—PAUL GREIGER



B.C. salmon derby telephone booths

Similarly, when federal legislation would have forced the use of leather boots in British Columbia two years ago, resort owners fought and the government once again capitulated. On the West Coast this year, downriggers were actually banned between February and the end of June, but when anglers and manufacturers yelled, the regulation was suddenly lifted at the end of April.

When it comes to fair-play arguments, the quiet fish have little chance against the vested interests. Their defenses, could they make it, might well echo what Rodrick Haag-Brown wrote in 1976: "The word sport, in any connotation, implies a sense of generosity toward the opponent, a desire to meet and test honorably under conditions far enough to ensure that the outcome is uncertain."

"Some fishing is better than others, but there is no such thing as bad fishing," May 3 M. 1976 wrote in his 1965 *History of Fly-Fishing*. There are many, however, of fishing. As Hammond's McGill University, Professor L.D. Spragg has been taking effort to deem it for changing and, by further diluting it to a mere one one thousandth of its original level, has scientifically demonstrated that fish will purposely avoid any contact with this virtually undetectable pollutant.

"There's intelligence there which we hadn't suspected," says Spragg. "They are smart enough to start moving from the shorewards at the same levels we can detect their avoidance." But those who wonder why salmon will often suddenly quit a traditional spawning ground, thereby effectively countering acids, there is more than a subtle hint here. When Campbell River lodge owners in B.C. began lighting, so far successfully, a generous \$50 million cost, stringing in great weight which would be dangerous and heavy metals into feeding streams, they knew that the salmon were threatened with death and

they themselves with an end to their livelihood.

For more insidious, however, is the combining acid rain problem. In Ontario, 140 lakes are already dead, and 48,000 threatened. In Nova Scotia, Jim Courtney of the provincial Salmon Association predicts there will soon be 22 fewer salmon rivers, in addition to the one already laid to rest and run. With little hope in the foreseeable future—one of Ronald Reagan's early acts as president of the largest and most powerful in the world was to replace the head of the Environmental Protection Agency,

Douglas Castle, with the single American most sympathetic to the Canadian dilemma—the early despoiler upholding and ruin is, in some cases, giving way to criticism. One natural resources manager in the Sullivan, Ont., area, where toxic lead, open cut mines 1,800 tonnes of sulphuric acid daily, says that he has decided to ignore the very catch limit rules he was originally hired to protect. "I may as well catch as many as I can before there's none left," was his rationalization. In politician's tragic assault on the freshwater fisheries there is, however,

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Worshiping at the Boboysgon derby.
Sizing is getting like downhill skiing.

size exception—helpfully, the one to prove the rule. Alberta's Bow River is a wide mountain-fed stream with banks covered in cedars and firs, for a 60-km stretch offers up what is considered by many to be the finest trophy nation trout stream in the world, full of nine kilogram fighters. As late as 1960, bow fishermen had to make a permit to fish here. Now, it's a no-brainer. The river is so good, it's a necessity, rather than a rule. The fish are beautiful to see, challenging to catch, but, as one who fishes the Bow, there is little to be said for bowled numbers trout that has been "furnished in a toilet bowl."

It is difficult to cheer the Bow River. Two exotic fish species are rare and to be treated as the most illustrious residents of cold and clear water in the Great Lakes. One of the best 15 miles of the river leading into James Bay, the magic of the Northwest Territories where it is almost impossible to take a single trout without securing a three-kilogram great northern gillie (Gillie Robertson, president of the Territories Fish and Game Club, once fought one on the anchor strap of a duck boat he was setting in the water). The record red fishing hole, such as New Brunswick's Miramichi, are infrequently in decline. The sports anglers blame the commercial fishermen, the large net catches of the native population and the pollution, and small, but not insignificant, blame is also aimed at the downed fish. Individual fishermen also must be remembering their own self-worth in fish flesh.

"We all start out as fish boys at



The famous Miramichi. The old fishing

heart," I suppose," wrote Arnold Gingrich, former *Esquire* publisher and noted fisherman, "but if we stick to it long enough we finally educate ourselves out of it." For too many, North American fish are in like breed, one, the bigger the better and the magazine racks are filled with glossy American tributes to the nation that oaks the "hookers" are worth going after. Hap-Brown pit the "hookworm madness" and it is no less withering that the largest of what many "catchers" believe to be the finest of game fish, the lake trout, was a 46-kg monster taken by net from Saskatchewan's Lake Athabasca, and that scientists later discovered that the fish had grown to this proportionate size because it had been incapable of taking part in the spawn. The fish was born without gonads.

"Heaven had the sport, it keeps you young, or makes you young again," wrote Andrew Lang in 1900. "It's a Walter Mitty kind of dream," says Wayne Innes of his brother's obsession to make a living by doing nothing but fishing. But Bob Innes believes in it strongly enough to have gone, then unemployed, to a bank manager for a \$50,000 loan to buy the boat that seems to do most of the work. But to say Bob Innes is able would be a lie. "People keep coming up to me and laughing and asking me, 'Tide, do I get an application for this job?'" he says. "But they don't realize how much time and money and effort I've put into this. They think I've just gone fishin'. Well, I haven't."

He refers, for example, to his housework. As fishing becomes more and more like computer games, the pressure builds on one who is sure enough to keep up. So Giorgio Clark talks for him. Innes reads voraciously about exotic topics such as "mystical or negative fishing moods," wonders whether "total nothing" is the most obvious step beyond "structure fishing," studies the wallet-expensive art, the edge of fear, the new technique of flying casts for bass. The pursuit this weekend was a disappointing overcast, blank and choppy for \$150 each, but surely, he's convinced, he will walk off with something like the \$5,000 first prize given there often at the big American tournaments. All thanks to deflection, study and "maybe 10 per cent" luck.

For most anglers, however, fishing is the opposite of being goal-oriented. For them, fishing is in the blood, not the mind. It does not have a beginning, or an end, and it does not require explanation. "My father was that way," says Steve Symonds, an avid trout and salmon fisherman from Dartmouth, "and his father before him." And one day, his own children will take on the old man's line.

Raised, Hemingway's final letter, written three weeks before his suicide, was to a nine-year-old boy in a hospital. Showing no signs of his own massive depression, Hemingway turned to what he loved and told the boy to "get up, no matter how old you are." "Get some good bass jump in the river," he wrote and then signed off. And Robert Hap-Brown once wrote, speculating on what might happen should he, by chance, be someone aware of his own passing: "I would think, among other things, of the fish I haven't caught and the places I haven't fished."

He knew, as all Canadian anglers should, that he wasn't going to live—he was leaving it.

With this from Jean Bruce, *Walter Chrysler Deal Fisher's*, *Walter Gray*, *Shirley Gray*, and *Walter Gray's* *Problems*, *David Thomas*.

BOOKS

Confusion reigns



Hamilton: Nancy James seems a brood

SAGACITY
by Janet Hamilton
(Simon, \$7.95)

Poor Queen Victoria. Prudish, aghast and colorless, she gave her name to an era that most people now associate with gray-valet photographs and stuffy, overdecorated parlors where even girls wore skirts. Never mind that the plump Queen was much loved in her own day, or that her day produced England's last generation of great men and women, her name has become synonymous with grayness. Toronto writer Janet Hamilton pushes this unflattering view to the limits in her first novel, *Sagacity*, an almost satirical tale which presents a Victoria—referred to only as "the Queen"—completely adrift from her subjects, looked in a cruel light which makes Queen Victoria look like high school. But if the Victorian iconoclasm, she at least has a certain psychological complexity, for may and desire are the contradictions Hamilton weaves. The prince consort, far from being the ambitious snob, is an overcast, English Hamlet who longed for his first love, but found in his infancy like a garden rose, he is now entirely the creature of others' expectations. As a grotesque symbol of his malaise, his bowels have not moved in months.

In all fairness, this repulsive scenario doesn't represent so much an attack on real people as on the things they stood for. *Sagacity* is a satire on the values inherent in imperialism and, indeed, on the rottenness of human relationships generally. These themes are abetted by the presence of two figures

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ART

Light from a brief dawn

By Hubert de Santana

Where philosophy paints gray on gray, a form of life has become old and no more to be regenerated but not regenerated by gray on gray—the rest of *Miserere* only stars in the light at the break of dawn.

—Georg W.F. Hegel

Hegel wrote those words in 1822 when Germany, fragmented into more than a thousand political entities, was economically stagnant and morally depleted. As well, there was a religious split between the Protestant north and the Catholic south and west. The picture was indeed one of "gray on gray," and in the cultural consciousness of North Americans the only bringers of light were composers, poets and philosophers such as Beethoven, Goethe and Hegel. In the intellectual landscape of 19th-century Germany, art somehow remains a blank for those whose taste has been shaped by the French Impressionists.

Canadians now have an opportunity to fill in that blank. German Master of the Nineteenth Century, which opened at Toronto's Art Gallery of Ontario (after a highly successful showing at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art) on Aug. 3 and continues to Oct. 11, is the most comprehensive exhibition of German art ever seen in this country. The range of work (49 paintings and drawings) is striking from the contemplative, allegorical landscapes of Caspar David Friedrich and the baroque-cum-dantean mysticism of Philipp Otto von

Reich, to the early 19th century to the rigorous impressionism of Max Slevogt and Lothar Görtz at the turn of the century. Because Germany lacked a cultural centre like Paris or London, the apparent inconsistency and eclecticism of the show can be confusing. But these painters shared one central impulse—a need to transcend the present as if living in Hegel's new dawn. "This night, none closer to a definition of their aspirations by stating that 'longing' (sehnen) was the first and closest the last word of German Romanticism," writes art historian Gert Schiff in the catalogue. He quotes the writer Friedrich Schlegel who articulated the romantic credo: "Only he can be an artist who has a religion."

Reich's 'Island of the Dead' (1832) (above); Friedrich's 'The Sea of Ice' (1823-24)



gion of his own, an original view of the infinite."

Through the contemplation of nature, which was portrayed as a corpse and necropolis artifact created by God, the German painters arrived at their individual and original views of the infinite. Yet a sense of foreboding underlies their Christian conviction (this was the century when Nietzsche was to declare "God is dead"). One of the central paintings, Friedrich's *The Sea of Ice* (1823-24), is a profoundly pessimistic work in which the hull of a crashed ship lodes like wreckage in the jagged sink of an iceberg, the ruthless and beautiful architecture of ice rises like a shapely pyramid to the sky, indifferent to human endeavor.

A similar pessimism fuelled by a disillusionment with orthodox Christianity led Philipp Otto Reich to attempt the creation of a new religious mythology, strongly influenced by the mystic Jakob Böhme. *Mourning* (Large Version) (1808) displays his highly per-

sonal iconography of the pagan and the Christian with cosmic bliss, flower-strewn cherubs, infant Jesus and a flame-haired Ariadne. Reich's metaphors of birth, death and regeneration have affinities with the work of William Blake, but lack Blake's coherence and intellectual poise. Goethe remarked of the picture: "Anything that is so much on the edge has to die or go insane. There is no mercy."

This feeling of being on the edge was carried even further by the Swiss Arnold Böcklin in his morbid, death-strewn pictures. *Island of the Dead* (1881) is a poem of silence. A shrouded, ghostlike figure stands erect in a large coffin carrying a coffin and approaches a desolate island, hampered by rock tombs. Tall cypresses stand like great black candles against a preternaturally luminous sky. In *Self-Portrait With Death as Fiddler* (1874) the painter is haunted by the melodies arranged into his ear by a skeletal figure playing on a one-string violin. But Böcklin could be generously sentimental as well; his *Springtime of Love* (1898-99) is an idyll.

In contrast are the few portraits by Franz von Lenbach, Wilhelm Leibl, Wilhelm Schadow, Anton Buechel, Max Slevogt and Lorenz Goebel, which proved what these painters were capable of when concerned with ordinary reality. Lenbach produced a memorable gallery of faces including Otto von Bismarck, Pope Leo XIII and Richard Wagner. Remarkably, Lenbach in 1900 portrayed his eight-year-old daughter, Maria, with the ashen, exhausted face of a harlot, all innocence burned away. The portrait is an eerie prophecy of the dissolution that was to overtake German society.

One group of painters who turned a blind eye to the upheavals of the century was the Nazarenes, Catholics such as Peter von Cornelius, Franz Herr, Joseph Anton Koch and Johann Friedrich Overbeck, who looked to Italy for their inspiration and made a doomed attempt to revive religious painting in Germany. This group produced some of the most relieving paintings and drawings in the show, but the interest stems from watching a noble experiment fail. Cornelius' *The War and the Polish Virgins* (1813-18) is painted with skill and reverence, but borrows so heavily from Raphael that it loses its force more than damage to the master.

Witnessing the broad spectrum of these painters' aspirations underscores the great historical significance of the show and makes it so poignant and moving. For the first time, we are allowed to see the glimmerings of light in that brief dawn before a failed painter named Adolf Hitler lowered a curtain of darkness over Germany. ◇



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The allure is still alive

The City of Light works its magic on a new generation

By Allan Fotheringham

The only way superior to seeing the most beautiful city in the world through the eyes of a beautiful woman is to see it through the eyes of two females—one aged 11, the other aged 12. Paris is the summer is still Paris, a city that makes all other pretensions to the title seem to be mere suggestions—collections of buildings with no idea of scale, of perspective, of life, of vista. In the context among the cities of the world, there are two divisions—as there were when Secretariat was racing rather than now doing what he enjoys around here. There is one bracket embracing Paris and then there are all the others. The 11-year-old, who is very solemn but shining in insight, says "Paris is like a park that contains buildings. London is like a city of buildings that contains parks." One hates her, wishing the journalist had the wisdom first to discern the same.

The 12-year-old, who is very perky but solemn in insight, says within two neat blocks of the Gare du Nord "I get it. Everybody drives anywhere they want." The most precise description yet of the Gallic driving philosophy. The idea, of course, is to make the 11-year-old and the 12-year-old, innocent they, with a heady injection of existential culture, vicariously of the fine arts, imitations of De Vinci and Monet, Houdini and Rembrandt, De Gaulle and the favorite. "We're going to spend a half a day in the ice," says the irrepressible 11-year-old, just having escaped the English equivalent of ploughing. There is no hope for her. She understands the Brits better than they do. Along the Avenue Poche, spreading out on a wheel from the Arc de Triomphe, the ladies of pleasure stalk out their turf before dark, since Paris, for some unknown reason, stubbornly maintains an hour's time zone distance from London. The 11-year-old, who has been to Paris previously, is a columnist for *Southam News*.

visually, solemnly explains to the 12-year-old. "They are blind dates." The 12-year-old appears dubious. The young ladies, clad in their racing shorts, take an interest in clothes, by contrast absorbing the essence of a city where the lowliest sieste totes her curls like an impudent hairbrush and the macons on Place Victor Hugo wear their jewels by day but discreetly subside them by night.

The movie sensation in Paris this summer is *Amélie* or *Le Fabre*—



Gene With the Wind, a rascally Robert Butler on the posters ranging a rather too-tirade Scarlett O'Hara. The temperature is 99°F. The only sensible place to be is Le Moulin, on the sidewalk off the Left Bank. The oysters make one believe one has died and gone to heaven. "What I really want to do, when I grow up," says the bilingual 12-year-old, "is to have my children learn English and," smiling, her Orangina all over the Left Bank tablecloth, "be a table macon."

Les Halles, of course, is out of Humphrey Bogart movies, the Franco Cocteau Garden where one retired, when tired and emotional at 5 a.m., for some soup and Cognac and dreams. It is not, as the parties of teen planning that demolished it, now redeveloped into high-rises that defile the precious skyline but excavated into layers and layers of escalators leading underground to open plazas and series of shops, which small

girls, setting fashions, love. It is an expensive adventure, the owner of plastic loving it all.

Small eyes notice everything. Parisian, one is told, dress "in plain clothes." On examination, this means they wear solid colors that match, not "fancy" plaids and stripes and waxes that, when poured out, belong to Yvonne and evaded foreigners. "This," announces the 12-year-old after a shopping expedition, "is what I chose and Daddy approved. This is what Daddy chose and I approved." Paris governs beneath the insurance on the Rue Jacob. There is Ann Assantes, separated by Randy Made and then the Dorcas Gray restaurant. One never wants to change in Paris.

On the Rue du Barry, at the next table, is the quaternary Englishman in summer suit, pen-striped shirt, school tie, greasy hair curling over the collar—and bright blue moles under *folies*. We shop "Perfume," says the 12-year-old. "I don't want to look like a flower." We pass a movie poster of a lady with a silver tongue escaping from her Chinese "AA," sighs the 12-year-old, "gene with the wind." One lings for London.

We are on Rue Malakoff at the Auberge. This is magnificent lunch of egnets, moules, crayfish, crab, lobster and Orangina. "People in Paris," announces the 10-year-old of the world's best-fed people, "aren't as fat as in England. They are also better humored." Out of the mouths of. They drink, it turns out, in "blue, yellow and white." On Saint Germain des Pres it is midnight, a man with a fake smile curling around a stake, a flame-ester causing the 12- and 13-year-old eyeballs to zoom into success. We race in a taxi against a deadline, to Gare du Nord, for the train out of Paris. The 11-year-old warns that "the wind is pushing us back." The 12-year-old pleads for red lights, shouts don't instead of goosie to confuse the driver. They do not want to leave Paris but cast its spell over two more females.



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